CHRISTIAN REGISTER AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1837. NO. 829.—VOL. XVI.—NO. 26.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

No. XVIII.

THE GENTILES OF ANTIOCH.

Acts xiii. 42, 44.

'The gentiles besought, that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath;—and the next Sabbath-day came almost the whole city together, to hear the word of God.'

These gentiles were inhabitants of Antioch in Pisidia, a province of Asia Minor. By their eagerness to be informed respecting Christianity, they discovered a fair and candid mind; and by their acting in correspondence to that spirit, they did more: they discovered the sincerity of their hearts. Paul and Barnabas had come among them on the Sabbath; and entering into the synagogue, they sat down. Then after the customary reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent to these strangers the following message: Brethren, if you have any word of exhortation for the people, speak. Then Paul stood up; and, beckoning with his hand, gave some interesting sketches of the Jewish history; detailed some declarations of prophecy in regard to the Messiah; and showed their accomplishment in Jesus Christ. The consequences of this address appear in the words I have read to you. A strong desire was expressed, that the same views of faith might be repeated the next Sabbath; and when the next Sabbath arrived, almost the whole city came together to hear the word of God. But when the Jews saw such multitudes assembling, they were filled with intemperate zeal, and strove to frustrate the representations of Paul, contradicting and reviling. Then Paul and Barnabas with great freedom of speech, or presence of mind rather, observed: Brethren, it was necessary that this word of God should be first spoken to you; but, since you thrust it from you, and do not choose to accept this doctrine of everlasting life, lo! we turn to the gentiles. For thus has the Lord commanded us, saying by his prophet: I have set thee as a light to the gentiles, to be the means of salvation to the extremities of the earth. Now when the gentiles heard this, they rejoiced and glorified God; and as many as were so disposed, believed unto eternal life. And the word of God continued to spread itself through all that country.

Such were the blessed consequences, my hearers, of being disposed to know the truth, and of using the means necessary to its attainment; of desiring to have the gospel preached, and gathering in crowds to hear its tidings of salvation. So accurate is the representation of the apostle: Faith comes by hearing, and hearing comes by the word of God preached.

I. The first deduction I make from this occurrence at Antioch, is the importance of the Christian ministry. You, my hearers, as well as the gentiles of Asia, require to have the voice of instruction and admonition sounded in your ear; to have some Paul or Barbabas unfold the word of God on the Sabbath-day.

The Most High makes known his will by precept and example. He commands his ministers to impart information. He commands them to bring their admonitions home to the heart. He commands them to rouse their hearers from the lethargy of sin, the slumber of death and perdition. One great reason why parishes become degenerate; and why individuals become immoral, irreligious, and guilty of such enormities as you frequently hear detailed, is unquestionably this: They either have no preached gospel, or they have grown regardless of this privilege. Consider both sides of this subject. With the services of the sanctuary you enjoy the privilege of being familiar. These services impart to the devout worshipper an elevation of sentiment, a purity of purpose, a tenderness of conscience, a love of God, and a regard for man. There is a breath of holiness in houses of worship, which you inhale unknowingly like the vital air. On the other hand, the want or neglect of ministerial services invariably debases the mind; it obscures the distinction between right and wrong; it dissolves the connecting links of society; it reduces your reason, that image of God in the soul, almost to a level with brutal stupidity, fierceness, and fury. When you read or hear of the inhuman deeds, which fallen and degraded man is left to perpetrate;—such, for example, as the murders by sea and land, which darken the columns of almost every newspaper;—you are struck with horror, and you feel them to be an impressive warning. You feel conscious what you would be without the Bible, without public worship, without any sense of religion, hope of heaven, or fear of hell.

This downward course you have witnessed in many places as well as myself. People neglect to instruct their children at home and at schools. They permit them to grow up undisciplined, unmannerly, disobedient, and ungovernable. They permit them to profane the Sabbath-day, and they profane it themselves. The temple of the Most High is more and more forsaken, becomes more and more desolate; public morals become more and more relaxed; each generation surpasses the preceding in depravity; until they reach the most miserable state of man—a state of spiritual debasement and spiritual death.

It is a consideration saddening to the compassionate mind, that not only much of New England, but most of the towns in the remaining states, are of this gentile or degenerate description,—Christian in name and heathen in character. My friends, remember their wretched condition, their deep ignorance and enormities of crime. Be warned by their unhappy state in the sight of God and man. Look abroad and learn. Come home and exemplify the wisdom you acquire.

Yes, my Christian hearers, you all need a faithful admonisher. Like the guilty king of Israel, you all require to be reminded of your sin and danger. *Thou art the man*, must come to every ear, and to every conscience. Unless you form the habit of loving and sanctifying the Sabbath; unless you meet together with constancy, to enjoy the privileges of some temple of worship; you are sure to become irreligious in mind, and depraved in morals. Such are the characters, whom the voice of inspiration represents as lost. Many such individuals, many whole communities of this description, you discover throughout the country; some perishing for want of knowledge, some falling a sacrifice to the impostures of the base, and others given up to indifference, deadness, insensibility, and a seared conscience. I repeat my assertion: if you would be saved, you must have,—not the smooth and spiritless discussions of the day,—but solemn truths, the alarming considerations of the gospel, proclaimed to you in plain language, in a serious and earnest manner, and with the tenderest compassion.

The Christian ministry is of incalculable importance. The very life and death of religion are suspended on its flourishing or declining circumstances. May the ministers of Christ have 'wisdom, courage, and faithfulness' to discharge the duties of their office; and may their people listen with an ear that loves the truth, with a heart disposed to welcome it wherever found, and a mind determined to perform its requisitions.

Whom, allow me to ask, whom do we address? When, in performing ministerial duty, we picture the recompenses of the righteous, and shadow forth the retribution of the unrighteous; the rewards of obedience, and the fatal consequences of transgression; we address ourselves with as warm an expostulation as we address you. The apostle used the most vigorous exertion, you remember, lest after preaching to others he should be himself disapproved or a castaway. Yes, my hearers, we are all imperfect, all unworthy, and all sinners: and we all require the voice of alarm, as well as the voice of encouragement, to be sounded in our ear. Happy that people, who are awake to the importance of religious services; who are disposed to encourage and support the ministrations of the sanctuary; who assemble in the house of God, and animate the preacher by their presence and sympathy; who listen with attentive interest to the reading of scripture; who feel their hearts warmed by the songs of Zion; who withdraw their minds and thoughts from every thing outward and earthly, and endeavor with fervor and devotion to accompany addresses to the throne of grace. Happy that people, who not only welcome the representations of their friendly and faithful admonisher, but leave the temple of worship determined to observe them, and who find themselves between Sabbath and Sabbath carrying those good resolves, those breathings of the holy spirit, into daily and hourly practice. Such are the minister and people, whom God approves, and loves, and blesses.

Are these sentiments true, my hearers? true as reason, revelation, and experience can make them?

II. Permit me, in the second place, permit me to recommend to you, then, the example of the gentiles of Antioch. I would have you imitate their warmth and sincerity of heart. When the Jews contradicted and reviled the apostles; when they persecuted and expelled them from their borders; what course did these gentiles pursue? they rejoiced in the glad tidings of the gospel, and they gave glory to God for its bestowal.

My friends, if you approve these warm-hearted heathen,—now heathen no longer—you must endeavor to resemble them: it must be your eager desire, as I doubt not it is, to have the truths of the gospel presented, Sabbath after Sabbath; and the Omniscient will discover your approval and resemblance, when He perceives almost your whole parish assemble, to hear the word of God. You justly deplore the depravity of these times. Let the Omniscient see you begin at home; let him see you there commence a reformation. As you saw at Antioch, you doubtless wish to see the word of the Lord spreading and spreading, like summer showers throughout your borders. No Jews have you to contradict and revile, to persecute and expel you. I repeat, then, strive to resemble those rejoicing gentiles, who glorified the word of the Lord. Like them be sincerely disposed; and by faith in that Savior he sent, welcome the opportunity of everlasting life.

Alas!—here lies the deficiency of Christendom; the awful deficiency of our Christian communities; the deficiency, I fear, of yourselves as a people. During the years that are gone, many of you have sought to hear the words of revelation; and I persuade myself, that you have heard them in their simplicity and power. To exhibit to you the uncorrupted gospel,—Jesus Christ and him crucified,—has been the undeviating aim of your ministers. But what do you perceive to be the result?—Go from one extremity of the parish to the other; enter every house; ask every man and woman, heads of families, whether they have received as well as heard, this pure gospel,—this crucified Savior. What answer—O what answers of condemnation,—must the conscience of many return!—View with an impartial eye the majority of our parishes. When you witness their criminal disregard of their perfect exemplar, you will acknowledge, that the deepest insensibility, a most fearful indifference, has settled upon them. Their ministers,—you will seem to hear them proclaiming the good news of salvation, where the name of Christ is heard almost for the first time; and you will be tempted to exclaim: Would to God, these parishes more resembled the believers of Antioch! They had a warm heart, and a warm welcome, for him who came to save them. They came together;—not to be amused, not to be entertained, not to enjoy for an hour a species of religious pastime;—but they assembled to promote their eternal welfare. They listened to the vocal and instrumental music,—not to gratify their ear alone with the melody of sound,—but to breathe the melody of their heart to Heaven. They listened to passages of scripture, powerful and tender,—not for the animation, not for the interest alone, of the composition,—but to ascertain the revealed will of the Eternal. They listened to the voice of thanksgiving, confession, and supplication, with silence and composure: they did more than listen: they gave thanks to God, confessed to him their sins, and implored his pardon, themselves. They listened to the addresses of Paul and Barnabas,—not to criticise their reasoning or doctrine, not to cavil at their imagery or illustrations, not to find fault with the tones of their voice or the motions of their hand: oh no, they listened for their life: between being saved and being lost, they felt the immeasurable difference. They returned from the synagogue,—not to forget, not to neglect, the truths presented,—but to remember, to reflect, to perform. They carried home something more, than a mere dramatic sensation: they were devoted, heart, and soul, and life, to the master in whom they believed.

Such were the believers of Antioch. Would to God that all who hear me from Sabbath to Sabbath, all who now hear me, resembled them; No more would so many be insincere, heartless, unimproved. How much superior have been your advantages! The greater must be your condemnation. From your earliest dawn of reason has Christian light saluted your eye. The sound of the gospel-trumpet has continually reached your ear. It has come with a heavenly welcome, as if it descended from the region of the stars; and its terrific blast of death has also rushed upon you, as if worlds would shrink shuddering before its power. Alas! how many,—how very many of all our parishes,—remain unpersuaded and unmoved! In this manner, how many have already consumed their probation, even to its closing hour! lost in life, and lost in death! O shall this delusion, shall this destroying unbelief, continue forever? Shall the souls that remain, like the multitudes summoned to yonder judgment-seat, be excluded from the mansions of immortal life? No other destiny have you to anticipate, if you thus exclude yourselves from salvation. I repeat my assertion,—no other allotment have you reason to expect, if you persevere in excluding yourselves from the many mansions of heaven. When was the time, that God refused to receive the sincere believer? the true worshipper of his perfections? never, and never will he, while earth and heaven, while time and eternity, bear witness to the truth of the divine word.

What then, you inquire, shall all Christian communities,—what shall we ourselves—do? I answer: no more turn your hearts from the only home of Christians; no more turn your faces to the wilderness, but come to mount Zion, the city of the living God. Come to the mediator of the new covenant,—the great reconciler,—the Savior of the world,—who saves to the uttermost those who come unto God by him. To his baptism of repentance, to his communion, that memorial of tender remembrance, to his irreproachable life, immediately repair for direction.

These representations of life and death,—may they sink deep into your hearts! Like the cordial believers of Antioch, not only may you bid them welcome Sabbath after Sabbath,—but day after day feel their transforming power on your souls. Then will you go through the parish; then will you visit every dwelling; ask every man and woman, heads of families, whether they have embraced the hope set before them:—O what assurance of faith, what peace in believing, what sweet composure, what joy in the holy spirit, will you discover! 'Not only I,' you will hear fathers and mothers exclaim, 'not only I have become a Christian: behold these children, these children whom God has given me; they too have come to Jesus; they too are daily learning to love him and follow him to heaven.' Happy those parents and children, who receive the messenger of peace to their hearts and their homes. Happy those parents and children, whom you know to have been with Jesus. Happy that people, who breathe the celestial spirit, who exemplify the faith, the hope, and the love of the Christian revelation.

EMPEROR JOSEPH'S PRAYER.

Extracted from an old German work, entitled the Emperor Joseph's Prayer Book.

'O thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! who art the fountain of mercy and the source of love. Thy sun lights equally the christian and the atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent Thee from being a beneficient Father to all mankind. Shall I then, Thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbor in my breast! I will try to be like Thee, as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection, I will be as indulgent as Thou, to all whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and to detest vice? Let all religions therefore be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, thou eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in judgement deserve expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a true sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects forever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very priests who style themselves Thy Ministers; but may thy Almighty power never forsake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with thy love that I may surmount every obstacle: and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

SECOND COLLECTION.

Noah's Dove.

Eight days the father of the new-world had awaited the return of the indolent raven, when, once more, he called his flocks around him to select a messenger. Timidly the Dove flew to his arms and offered herself for the mission.

'Daughter of Fidelity,' said Noah, 'thou mayest, indeed, be to me, the messenger of good tidings, but how wilt thou make thy journey, and accomplish thine errand? How when thy wing wearies, and the storm seizes and dashes thee in the dark billows of death? Thy feet abhor the mire, and thy tongue rejects unclean food!'

'Who,' said the Dove, 'who gives the weary strength, and to the powerless sufficient force? Let me go, I will certainly be to thee a messenger of good tidings.'

She flew away; she soared here and there, and nowhere found a spot where she might rest, when suddenly the mount of Paradise arose before her, with its summit still green. The water of the flood had prevailed not upon it, and access to it was not forbidden to the Dove. Joyfully he hasted thither, flew down, and alighted humbly at the foot of the mountain. A beautiful olive tree was in blossom there; she gathered a leaf from the tree; strengthened she hastened back and laid the branch upon the breast of the slumbering Noah.

He awaked and perceived therein the fragrance of Paradise.

His heart was quickened; the green leaf of Peace refreshed his friends, till his deliverer himself appeared, confirming the good tidings of the Dove.

Since then, the Dove has been the messenger of Love and of Peace. *How silvery shine her wings*, says the song, a gleam from the splendor of Paradise, which she quickened by her pilgrimage.

4. Abraham's Childhood.

Abraham was brought up in a cave, for the tyrant Nimrod sought after his life. But even in the gloomy cave, the light of God was in him. He reflected and said to himself, 'who is my Creator?'

After sixteen years he came out, and when for the first time he looked upon Heaven and earth, how much was he astonished and delighted! He asked of all the creatures around him, 'who is your Creator!'

The sun arose. Abraham fell down upon his face, and said, 'That is the Creator, for his form is beautiful!'

The sun went up in the heavens, and then went low, and at evening went down. Then the moon came up and Abraham said to himself, 'The light which has gone down was not the God of the Heaven, perhaps it is this lesser light which this great host of stars obeys!'

But the moon and the stars likewise went down, and Abraham stood alone.

He went to his father, and asked him, 'Who is the God of Heaven and of Earth!' and Terah showed him his idols. 'I will try them,' said he to himself; and when he was alone, he placed his best food before them, 'If you are living gods accept your offering.' But they stood still and moved not.

'And these,' said the boy, 'can my father hold for gods? well, perhaps I can inform him.' He took his staff, and broke to pieces all the idols except one, and put his staff into the hand of that image, and went to his father. 'Father,' said he, 'thy chief god hath killed all his brethren!'

His father looked angrily upon him and said, 'Thou mockest me, Boy, how can that be when my hands have formed him!' 'Oh, be not angry, my father,' said Abraham, 'but let thine ear receive what thy mouth hath spoken. Dost thou not trust that thy god can effect what my little hand can do, how then can he be the God who created me and thee, and Heaven and Earth!' Terah was silent at the word of the Boy.

But soon after, the deed came to the knowledge of the tyrant Nimrod, who ordered Abraham into his presence and said, 'My god shalt thou worship, Boy, or the fiery furnace is thy punishment!' Now all the wise men, had foretold to the King, at the time of Abraham's birth, that he would destroy the idols and would abolish the worship of the King in his dominions, For this reason the King persecuted him.

'Oh King, who is God?' said the boy unfrighted.

'The Fire,' said he, 'is my God? the mightiest of Beings.'

'The Fire, said the boy, 'may be quenched with water; the water may easily be borne away by the clouds; the wind hunts the clouds and man resists the wind, Therefore man is the mightiest of Beings!'

'And I the mightiest of men,' exclaimed the King, 'worship me, or the glowing furnace is thy punishment.'

The boy uplifted his modest eye, and said, 'yesterday, I saw the sun go up in the morning and go down at night; command, oh King, that tomorrow it shall rise at evening and go down in the morning, and I will worship thee.'

And Abraham was thrown into the fire. But the strength of the fire impressed him not; an angel took him softly in his arms, and fanned away the flames from him, like a lily-vapour. The boy came out of the fire more beautiful than ever, and soon God appeared to him, and called him out of Chalden, and made him his friend.

And Abraham was the founder of the worship of the true God, of the ONE GOD of Heaven and of Earth.

Brethren, if saving souls be your end, you will certainly attend to it as well out of the pulpit as in it.—*Baxter.*

PARTING OF A MISSIONARY WITH HIS CHILD.

In the Missionary Herald for December, we find several interesting extracts from the Journal of Mr. King, one of the missionaries of the American Board at Athens, in Greece. Mr. King had taken Mary, his daughter, with him to Smyrna, hoping to find a suitable conveyance for her to the United States.

'In the following account, says the editor of the Herald, 'which he gives of the parting scene, the reader will learn with what feelings parents engaged in missionary labors in the dark parts of the earth part with their children, and how important and urgent, in their estimation, are the reasons for having their children removed from the pernicious influences which must necessarily be exerted upon them there, since they are sufficient to induce the parents to submit to the pangs of separation from those bound to them by the tenderest natural ties, in order to secure for them an education in a civilized and Christian community.' After noticing the preparations made for the voyage, Mr. King proceeds:

April 2. Mr. Temple and his two sons and some others accompanied us to the vessel.—On arriving on board, I asked the captian to have his men assembled in the cabin, where I made a short address to them, and read the 21st Psalm, and then Mr. Temple addressed them and offered a prayer. After the sailors had retired, I knelt down with Mary and prayed with her, consecrating her anew to God, and seeking for her his protection and the renewal of her soul. Then I arose and kissed her and she me; but her little heart was full, and she began to weep and said, Papa, I am sorry I left Mama at Athens; and continued to weep, though she said nothing about remaining with me. My own heart was of course much affected, and I examined anew the reasons of my sending her to the land of my fathers, and I thought they were right and just, and that I ought to persist in my purpose; though it was hard, very hard, for me. In the midst of her weeping she did not say a word about remaining; did not say, Let me stay, or I wish to go with you; but seemed to act like a person of mature years and reflection, decided, but feeling that it was bitter to go from me. It seemed to me as if God had disposed her heart to this, and give her reason and the power of reflection above her years, and great perseverance in her plans. She had all along previous, expressed great joy at the idea of going. On parting, I said to her, God is your heavenly Father, and if you should be ill at any time, do not be afraid; pray to God, and if you love him and believe in Jesus Christ, you will never die; if you die he will give you life; so do not be afraid, my child. When you are sick, your father cannot make you well; it is God your heavenly Father, makes you well. After leaving her my heart was very sad.—Mr. Temple accompanied me home and sat a while and conversed. It was about half past nine in the evening I left my child.

At a rather late hour I retired quite fatigued, but could not get sweet repose. My slumbers were disturbed, my head was pained. I dreamed of seeing Mary weeping; of crossing a deep, dark, and dangerous flood; awoke, sunk again to sleep, and again to disturbed dreams. But as I awoke, I cried to God through Chist, to comfort the little heart of my child.

HOLD IN!

It was an animated conversation. In the presence of several eager listeners, I had been arguing a point to which I had devoted much study, and on which I was somewhat 'hobby-horsical.' Just as the wave of my argument had reached its culminating point, and was about to break, and sweep all before it, my opponent, who saw what was coming, suddenly exclaimed, 'O do not be so confident: you do not know every thing yet!' I was disconcerted—stung—irritated. I felt a sort of cramp in my heart, and a burning sensation on my cheek. There was an ugly sparkle in my eye, and a slight spasm on my forehead. My opponent saw his advantage, and ungenerously added;—'You need not look so spunky; a body would think that you were going to bite.'

Happily for me, at least, this attack was too gross for a reply. Feeling that I must now restrain my passion, and hold my peace, I began to listen to my own thoughts.

Said a certain something within me,—Be thankful that you was enabled to exercise this self-control.

Then followed a whisper from a certain other something within me, which I knew full well to be the voice of the old man,—Let out. Such insolence ought to be chastised. Tell the impertinent fellow, that if you do know but little, you know enough to teach *him*. Show a proper resentment and self-respect.

No,—firmly spake the voice which I take to be that of the new man;—if you are in any respect his superior, remember who hath made you to differ. Perhaps, on the whole, his character may appear to better advantage than yours in the sight of God.

But then think, says the old man, how small he has made you appear in the eyes of all this company. Remember it. You may, possibly, have a chance to pay him back again before long. Retaliation will be sweet.

Lay up nothing against a fellow sinner, was the response. 'Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself.' Do you not love and admire the patience of Christ? Forgive, as one who hopes that he has been forgiven.

O, said the tempter,—how nobly and piously you have borne this affront! Sure, you are a disciple indeed.

Alas, exclaimed the voice of the new creature,—how little do you know of yourself. How near that little spark came to blowing up a mine. Shudder at the thought of that explosion of passion, which had like to have rent your bosom. How great are your obligations to restraining grace. Be humbled under the sense of your conscious weakness.

So I mused, till the fire burned within me. There came a glow of kindly feeling toward the blunt friend who had caused me this trial, and then burst forth a flame of gratitude toward that tender Savior, who had not been provoked by all my perverseness to cast me out, and disown me forever.—*Boston Recorder.*

For the Register and Observer.

THE QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY.

The discussion of any question, affecting the rule of life, demands always of us as moral beings the most careful attention. Such discussions stand prominent in the array of influences on the formation of individual and national character, and their effect, every where powerful for good or evil, is mighty indeed in our own age, and in a country, where speculations once nearly peculiar to the cloister, are now familiar to the cottage; where the winged words fly from the closet of the student, not to the hall, or the Lyceum only, but to the parlor, the stage-coach and even the bar-room.

Of these discussions, that of the 'question of expediency' though, among the oldest, remains still among the most interesting, as it is likely to so long as man shall continue to be the subject of noble aspirations and grovelling desires; a being over whom the attraction of meaner objects shall perpetually gain by their contiguity an influence more or less powerful over the steady force of the great end of his existence.

But a special cause of the frequency, interest and even bitterness of this discussion, is to be found in a feature of the present age, the principle of association for benevolent and moral purposes. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of the advantage of associations of this class, there can be but one of their power over the feelings of their fellows. Springing often from the smallest beginnings, their growth would seem to find a parallel only in that of the gourd of the prophet, and a check only in that indifference, which the energy of their influence rarely permits to exist in the society over which they spread. The agents of these bodies meet men everywhere with the bearing and almost the language of the errant knights of yore. With them it is, 'fight, yield or die,' defend your course of conduct, relinquish it, or lie under the intolerable imputation of deliberate wickedness.

As the position of the assailant in this contest, abstracted from the influence derived from the association with which he is connected, does not differ from that of the party in morals in all ages, who have sought to exact the claim of duty above that of convenience; so it is obvious, that they can be opposed by no other arguments, than those which have, in like manner, been employed from the beginning of time, by those, with whom the nearness and pressure of immediate difficulty has tended to keep out of sight, or at least to diminish the distinctness of their view of the eternal monuments, which mark the boundary between good and evil. In a word the claim of duty is met, as it always has been by the plea of expediency. The difference in this plea at different periods is little more than that of the language in which it is stated; and it is an evil result of this kind of difference, that the province of ethics, always sufficiently embarrassed by the imperfection and variable character of language, should be still further confused by the introduction of new terms in the place of those, of which ages of dispute have hardly yet sufficed to settle the signification.

The use of such a term, or perhaps more correctly the constant reference to the use of it in this discussion is to be found in the 79th number of the Christian Examiner, in an article on 'the question of expediency,' which considers it in a light in some degree different from that in which we are disposed to regard it. We refer to the term 'abstract,' or, 'in the abstract' as applied to the right and wrong in particular courses of conduct. The use of it in the article referred to, as well as in common parlance, is in relation to the subject of slavery. The introduction of such a term in this discussion seems to us both unnecessary and pernicious. Unnecessary, because it does not seem to have been employed, at least not in the same sense, by some of the most celebrated ethical writers: and pernicious, because it gives, to some minds, a degree of weight to an argument, which it would lose, by that strictness of definition, which rarely if ever accompanies it. In our remarks on 'the question of expediency,' we shall draw our illustrations, as the writer of the article referred to has done, from the subject of slavery, and, in very many of our views, shall be found in opposition to his; and as we trust that no spirit of unkindness will mingle with our opposition, so we confidently hope that the cause of truth and virtue will receive no injury from it.

We object, on the threshold, to the doctrine of that writer, which seems to us to be implied in his statement of the ultimate foundation of right. Nor can we agree with him in considering the difference, as merely verbal, between his view that 'an action is right, because God wills it' and that of those who contend that 'God wills and commands a certain course because it is right.' Not to dwell upon the monstrous deduction from the former statement by its scholastic supporters, that if God had commanded his creatures to hate himself, the hatred of God would have been the duty of man,' it seems to us impossible to conceive of an intelligent agent, in whom motive is not a state of mind precedent to an act of will, or a *moral* one, in whom the notion of right has no existence as a motive. Trifling as considerations of this sort may appear to some, they must be important, if it be true, as we believe that the habit of regarding particular courses of action, as right, merely because willed by the Creator, has a tendency to enfeeble in our minds that notion of the immutability of moral distinctions, which should be sacredly guarded as one of the foundations of the practice of virtue.

As we are unable to conceive of that eternal mind, of which our own are formed in the image, as existing at any period, without the notion of right, so we are compelled to believe, that its criterion or test of that right, must have always been the good of its creatures, or in

other words expediency, and that the same criterion holds equally in our own case; that the action promotive of the greatest good of the greatest number, is that which should be right with man, as it will certainly be right with his maker. In other words that the claim of duty is, phsycologically considered, the necessary consequent of the dictate of benevolence, that the gentle law of love is the foundation or eternal rule of right.

It is only however to a being, before whom all actions and their consequences he open, that expediency can afford a perfect criterion of right —to one of finite intelligence it must necessarily be exceedingly deficient and practically hazardous in its application, not only from the limited extent of his knowledge of the bearings and consequences of action, but from the dangers beautifully stated by an eminent moralist,* 'that of sliding from general to particular consequences, that of trying single actions, instead of dispositions, habits and rules by the standard of utility, that of authorizing too great a latitude for discretion and policy in moral conduct, that of readily allowing exceptions to the most important rules, that of too lenient a censure of doubtful means, when the end seems to them to be good, and that of believing unphilosophically, as well as dangerously, that there can be anymeasure or scheme so useful to the world as the existence of men, who would not do a base thing for any public advantage.'

And this danger seems to us to be aggravated by any statement or process of reasoning, which, even if in appearance only, brings the claim of duty and expediency into an opposition, which can have, as it appears to us, no foundation in ethical science. Whatever tends to throw any shade of doubt upon the proposition, that the right is always truly the expedient, must cloud the moral light within and weaken the awful authority of conscience.

And this danger seems to us to be threatened by the particular use, to which we have already referred, of the term 'abstract' in relation to the morality of actions. This may be illustrated by reference to one of the opening propositions of the article in question. 'We suppose that the great mass of the community, who have reflected upon this subject, may be divided into two classes. One class contends, that when, either by the light of nature or from the express precept or general tenor of Scripture, it is discovered to be wrong *in the abstract* to hold slaves, it becomes the duty of every slave-holder to act in accordance with this *abstract* principle, to emancipate his slaves at once, *without regard to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and without enquiring as to the probable consequences which may result from the act.*' p. p. 13, 14.

We suppose no such thing. We do not believe that there is any considerable class, who would regard without suspicion the proposition as thus stated, though if the words in italics were stricken out, we hope there is a very large class among the sons of the pilgrims, at least, who would yield to it their unhesitating assent.

Again. 'The other class contends, that although it be admitted to be wrong *in the abstract* to hold slaves, yet, that, before proceeding to action, and actually emancipating those at any particular time and place in bondage, inquiry should be made into the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the probable consequences of the act, into the questions, whether those to be liberated are qualified for the enjoyment of liberty, and in what manner they may be set free, so as to secure the best possible consequences to the slaves themselves to their masters, and to the whole community.' p. p. 14.

That there are some, who hold this language we readily admit, but that there are many who would be willing to hold it without the interpolation of the italicised portion, we are far less confident.

Again. 'It will be perceived that there is an essential difference between these two classes, as to the standard of duty. They both agree, in regard to the fact, that slavery in all its bearing is an evil, and in regard to the *abstract* principle, that it is wrong to hold slaves. But they differ in regard to the rule of conduct. The one class contends for right *in the abstract* as the only standard, the sole rule. The other puts in a plea in behalf of expediency, as being, in some cases, worthy of regard, and contends that there may be, and often are cases, in which the course to be pursued must be determined by a regard to the circumstances of the cases themselves.' p. p. 14.

We cannot think this a correct statement. The class to which he refers, would not be willing to have their propositions clogged with the phrase 'in the abstract.' They contend, and vigorously too, against any attempt to bring into question, what seems to them an identical proposition, that the right, in morals, is the only standard of duty, the sole rule of action; that, to say that an action, a course of action, is wrong, is completely equivalent to saying that it ought not to be done, that it is contrary to the mandate of conscience, that it is opposed to the will of God. And this proposition the writer in the Examiner, in common with every good and wise man readily admits, while it would seem, that he expects to escape its pressure by abstracting right and wrong from circumstances. But the notion of right, in this case, is, by the terms of the proposition, in connection with actions. Slave-holding consists in a course of actions, and to question whether slave-holding is wrong is surely to enquire whether or not it is wrong to do certain actions. It seems pure nonsense to speak of an abstract action, and yet without some action there can obviously be no slave-holding.

This difficulty does not pass unobserved by the writer. 'And here' says he 'we may remark, first, that in regard to specific duties, the phrase *right in the abstract*, or the more popular phrase used to express the same thing, the eternal and unchangeable principles of rectitude, conveys to our mind no definite idea. We know not how to apply it to specific duties. It seems to us a fiction of the brain, or a mere generalization made for convenience, having no real, positive existence among living and moving and acting men &c. &c. p. 17.

We might add to this quotation, but this is sufficient to show what is really the idea, which has given rise to this phraseology, though we think it has found a most unhappy dress. It appears to be this; that the doings of moral beings, derive their moral character from the motives and circumstances under which they are performed. As for instance the taking a piece of money from a drawer, may be right or wrong, according to whether it is, or is not the taker's own property and so on;—that a proposition concerning the morality of actions, may be so framed, as to cover the greater number of possible cases, but not all;—that the proposition that slave-holding is wrong is such an one;—that there may be circumstances, which take from it the qualities, which make it criminal, and that circumstances of this kind exist with regard to slavery in the United States.

The principal objection to this mode of reasoning, to one who considers the general course of the debates on this subject, is, that it ends in a conclusion that slave-holding in the United States is not, or at least, may not be wrong. A conclusion, which to those, who admit, with the writer in the Examiner, that 'slavery, in all its bearings, is an evil,' partakes too much of the character of a reductio ad absurdum, to be received without the mystification of abstracting slave-holding from any actually existing masters and slaves.

The difficulty in this case, however, seems to us to have an honest origin in an imperfect notion of immediate emancipation. Men have perceived that to turn loose upon society, as they express it, a multitude of ignorant and half-reasoning beings, brutalized by a long course of abject servitude, and little sensible of any other motives, than mere animal desires and fears—to transmute the slave into the thief or assassin, was a process, which required only to be stated to be condemned. That few things, in short, could be more clearly wrong. And, in the conflict of duties, they were inclined to hesitate in changing the order of things, even from what they might admit to be bad, to what they believed to be worse.

As the abolitionists, however, have succeeded in exciting attention to the question, men have perceived that the immediate relinquishment of the abominable pretensions and relations, which constitute slavery what it is, a fearful wrong, implies neither the necessity or duty of relinquishing such a degree of control and guardianship as the necessities of the case must obviously require—that there are many gradations between the civil condition of the field slave of Georgia, and the coloured voter of Massachusetts, and that many of the sturdiest abolitionists would hesitate at advancing the former, except in the most gradual manner, to the privileges and immunities of the latter. The diffusion of views of this kind has rapidly swelled the ranks of abolitionism. As the frightful phantoms of conflagration and murder, or the silly one of general amalgamation gradually fade from the imaginations and cease to cloud the judgment of the freemen of the north, their hereditary veneration for justice, liberty and right resumes its empire in their bosoms, and they begin to warm with the influence of the noble spirit, which brought their ancestors across the ocean and carried their fathers through the vicissitudes of revolution. The history of the cause of abolition seems to us finely illustrated by the account in the Waverley novels of the combat between Quentin Durward and the boar of Ardennes. The former pressing furiously on his retiring antagonist, who, anxious to escape the trial, is nevertheless forced at intervals by the active pursuit to close in a furious struggle, which results in adding new hope and energy and a nearer prospect of ultimate success to the latter.

We have only to notice further the doctrine of the Examiner that the subject of slavery can only be properly understood by the slave holder himself, to whom it should be left. This is a favorite position of the opponents of the abolitionist, from which we beg leave most decidedly to dissent. That slave-holding is a great moral and political evil, or, in more homely phrase, both a crime and a blunder, we have the admissions of the slave-holder himself in abundance, not to mention the consent of an overwhelming majority of the civilized world, and, as it appears to us, the authority of the decalogue. And that, this being the case, the slave-holder has any better means of judging than other men whether it ought or ought not to be forthwith abandoned, is a proposition, in our view, precisely similar to that, which should maintain that the gambler, the thief, or the drunkard was the fittest judge of the propriety of ceasing to game, steal or besot himself. The exact mode, the civil detail, we admit, may be left to the slave-holder, but the duty of immediately desisting from the practice of wrong seems to us a question very far from requiring for its decision any share of that moral enlightenment, which is likely to be derived from the long continued habit of evil doing.

At the close of the article in the Examiner, the writer has chosen to institute a comparison between the American Union for the relief and improvement of the colored race, and the abolitionists. The former indeed, as a benevolent association, deserves with all other such associations the respect of the community. As far as it regards the condition of the free people of color, it would seem to have a rational object, but it does not seem to us to be properly brought into comparison with the anti-slavery societies, the object of which in regard to the slave, would seem to be necessarily precedent to that of the Union. 'Servitus,' says the Roman Orator, 'est obedientia fracti animi et abjecti et arbitrio carentis suo.' The change in his condition is the very first step in improvement. The slave must be emancipated, he must regain or acquire *arbitrium suum*, before he can make any progress in improvement.

Of the probability of the final triumph of the abolitionists we think we can draw an omen from the success, which has thus far attended their efforts, and as far as their experience may be taken in evidence on such a question, it must certainly be admitted to be in favor of pursuing the right without regard to the expedient. Few associations have moved onward with a steadier adherence to the maxim of *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, and with more utter disregard of the well-meaning warnings, or selfish caution of worldly wisdom, and few have in so short a period, advanced with more rapid strides towards the control of that public opinion whose concentrated and angry power seemed lately to threaten their utter extinction.

* Sir James Mackintosh.

JOHN LELAND.—I am now more than eighty-two years old; have been preaching upwards of sixty-two years; have travelled distances that would more than girdle the globe four times; have preached in 479 meeting-houses, 94 school-houses, 37 court-houses, 31 barns, and in dwelling houses, stores, and other buildings, and on stages in the open field,—altogether making 12,000 times. Some of the sermons however, hardly deserve the name, and none of them were perfect. In the course of my ministry I have baptized 1525: and I will now add, I have living 9 children, 62 grand children, and 80 great grand children. I have had some grand children die at their respective houses, but I have never had a death at my house.—*N. Y. Bap. Reg.*

From the Unitarian Magazine and Chronicle.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY. No. 2.

The ecclesiastical historian, Strype, represents the Unitarian doctrine, in the middle of the sixteenth century, *i. e.* at the very time of the Lady of Kent's martyrdom, as spreading so fast, that the leading churchmen were alarmed at it, and were under the apprehension of its becoming the prevailing opinion. 'Arianism,' to use his words, 'now showed itself so openly, and was in such danger of spreading further, that it was thought necessary to suppress it, by using more rugged methods than seemed agreeable to the merciful principles of the profession of the Gospel.' At this early period persons of Anti-Trinitarian opinions were admitted members of the Dutch Baptist Church, at that time assembling in Austin Friars. Of these, history has recorded an Italian, by the name of Giacono Contio, Latinised Aconticus, author of a book written and published in Latin, but subsequently translated into English, entitled 'The Stratagems of Satan.' Bishop Burnet takes notice, that many of the Anabaptists were at this time Unitarian, in several parts of England, who were generally Germans driven on account of religion from their own country. Another Unitarian martyr, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, was a native of Holland, named George Van Parre, who had the testimony of his enemies, that he had led an exemplary life, and that he died with extraordinary composure of mind.

'These things cast a great blemish upon the Reformers. It was said they only condemned cruelty when it was exercised on themselves, but they were ready to practise it when they had power. The Papists made great use of this in Queen Mary's time; and what Cranmer and Ridley then suffered, was thought a just retaliation on them from that wise Providence which dispenses all things justly to men.'*

This shocking cruelty of the English and foreign Reformers towards those who, in the use of their own understandings, and from searching into the scriptures, maintained that the Father only was God, and to be worshipped, seems to have prevented their forming themselves into churches and societies, and terrified them into silence, if it did not, for a time, check all inquiry into such dangerous points; for there is a degree of persecution which human nature cannot withstand. This is the remark of the venerable Lindsey, when, having himself seceded from the Church of England, on the ground of Unitarianism, he was reckoning up the examples of heroism which had distinguished the history of Unitarian worship in England. There is not much reason, however, for supposing that the persecution of Unitarians, either did or could *prevent inquiry*. The more natural effect of those 'rugged methods,' which the bigots of those days adopted for the *conservation* and diffusion of the truth, was to excite in the breast of the benevolent beholder, the thought, even if prevented from giving utterance to that thought, why does my brother suffer? Though, therefore, the public profession of Unitarianism was not in this and some succeeding reigns permitted, yet the minds of Englishmen must have been stimulated to investigation. The doctrine of the Divine Unity in its plainest sense, when once suggested, would appear, to many unprejudiced minds, to be the doctrine of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. No wonder, indeed that when those Scriptures existed only in a foreign language, the mass of Englishmen might remain ignorant of this eternal truth. But the origin and early progress of Unitarianism in England, are coeval with the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue. The efforts of the Lady of Kent to diffuse them have been already noticed; nor is it unworthy of observation, that the very year which was signalised by her martyrdom, was also remarkable for the publication of thirteen editions of the whole or part of the English Bible, chiefly according to the translation of Tindall; and this, too, in the city of London; as any one may convince himself by inspecting 'Newcome's List of the various Editions of the Bible.' In those early times, it was customary for every parish church to be furnished with at least one copy of a Bible, fastened to a chain; and we may reasonably imagine the eagerness of those who could read, to examine the precious record. What, then, would prevent the citizens of London, for instance, from looking into the holy book, for their own satisfaction, concerning the justness of that punishment which persons of irreproachable moral character and distinguished benevolence were suffering in Smithfield?

We have now to record the sufferings of other witnesses to 'the long-lost truth.'

On *Easter-day*, A. D. 1775, *i. e.* in the eighteenth year of the reign of Elisabeth, a society of Unitarian worshippers, natives of Holland, were discovered in the city, by the curious priests, who dragged four of the number, more sturdy than the rest, bearing faggots on their backs, to St. Paul's Cross, Cheapside, and there induced them publickly to recant their obnoxious opinions; and, however we may regret their weakness, we must not forget the melancholy proofs, of bloody-minded bigotry which had disgraced the preceding reigns, and only three years previously, a neighboring kingdom.† The very next month after this intolerant act, eight persons of the same persuasion were banished from the land; 'and two, more obstinate than the rest,' says the historian, 'were burnt in Smithfield.' (May we all discover similar attachment to the truth, in trying circumstamces, and in the hour of death!) The eloquent epistle addressed by Fox, the historian of the martyrs, failed to move the royal breast in their behalf. Elisabeth was inexorable. She absolutely refused to save their lives, unless they would recant their errors within a month. The consequence was, that the savage sentence of the law was executed in its utmost rigour. Others who were charged with holding the same opinions, but whose constancy was not equal to that of these glorious sufferers, were either banished or imprisoned. The flatterers of the queen alleged, in justification of their conduct, that as she had formerly executed the sentence of the law upon traitors to her own government, 'if she were now to pardon those blasphemies, the world would condemn her as being more earnest in asserting her own safety than God's honour.' On which, Mr Lindsey‡ remarks, 'The world has now learned a better lesson. God wants no such service. He is ready to vindicate his own honour when injured, which, indeed, it cannot be by the speculations of his sincere and erring creatures.' There appear to have been at least three other martyrs to the belief in the Divine Unity, in the course of this reign. The names and dates only are recorded: Matthew Hammond, of Hotherset, six miles from Norwich, A. D. 1578: Francis Knight *alias* Ket, of Windham, in the same county, A. D. 1588. Also, in the year 1583, John Lewis, or Abdiel Lewis, for denying the deity of Christ, was burnt in the Castle-ditch at Norwich, in the cold-hearted phrase of an historian, 'died obstinately, without repentance, or any speech.' These were some of the doings in the reign of Queen Elisabeth! The year that Lewis suffered, was the year of the invasion of England, and of the destruction of the Spanish Armada!

Nor was the Presbyterian James at first more Christian in his treatment of Unitarians than his proud predecessor Elisabeth. In the year 1611, the very year when the translation of the Bible now in common use was given to the world, a native of Essex, Bartholomew Legate, suffered death for his profession of belief in the supremacy of the Father, though this testimony was borne to him, that he was excellently skilled in the Scriptures, and unblameable in his conduct. Having in vain tried to change the convictions of this holy and intelligent man, the king meanly spurned him with his foot, and gave him for execution, to extinguish his body for the imagined good of the soul. Among the pestilent opinions, as the historian calls them, for which this holy martyr suffered are mentioned the following: that the Nicene and Athanasian creeds contain not a profession of the true Christian faith; that there are no persons in the Godhead; that the world was not made by Christ; that the Apostles teach Christ to be man only; that Christ is not to be prayed unto; also, that it is monstrous blasphemy to say that God became man. 'For the profession of these truths,§ which to us appear the plain, indubitable, essential doctrines of the Gospel, and which, under the protection of the laws of the country, we are now at liberty to avow in the most public manner, was this eminent Christian, in the vigour of life, at the age of forty years, condemned to the stake.' One month only after this, Edward Wightman, of Burton-upon-Trent, was burnt at Lichfield, for reading in the Holy Scriptures, the characters of God's unity, and his consequent denial of the Supreme Deity of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. He was charged with the heresy of Ebion, that is to say, the belief in the proper humanity of Jesus Christ. He refused to recant his opinions, which had been sincerely adopted upon examination, and was *therefore* convicted by that time-serving prelate, Neile Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and condemned to the flames.

Fulke, the historian, certainly not favorable to the doctrine for which this good man suffered, thus writes.

'A Spanish Arian being condemned to die, was, notwithstanding, suffered to linger out his life in Newgate. Indeed, such burning of heretics much startled common people, pitying all in pain, and prone to asperse justice herself with cruelty, because of the novelty and hideousness of the punishment. Besides, such being unable to distinguish between constancy and obstinacy, were ready to entertain good thoughts even of the opinions of those heretics who sealed them so manfully with their blood. Wherefore King James *politically* preferred that heretics hereafter, though condemned, should silently and privately *waste themselves away*! in prison, rather than to grace them, and amuse others with the solemnity of a public execution, which in popular judgment, usurped the honor of persecution.'

'What number of holy and innocent victims suffered in this barbarous way, cannot now be ascertained; but they are recorded in living characters in the book of God's remembrance, and they shall be exalted to everlasting honor in the day when the righteous Judge of the earth shall make inquisition for blood.'‖

* Bishop Burnet.

† The Massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred at Paris, August 24, 1572.

‡ Apology, p. 50. 8vo. ed. § Belsham.

‖ Belsham.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NOTES OF AN INVALID.—NO 2.

The youth to whom the first number of this series introduced the reader, slowly proceeded on his journey. He accomplished but short stages, at a time, yet the extra motion and rough places seemed so to jar and agitate his tender frame, that he was often apprehensive that the fears of his mother and sisters must indeed be very soon realized. Still he was prepared to die. He had long felt that approaching death was more probable than returning health—and, tho' a faint hope prompted him to seek recovery, he often considered himself as one already suspended betwixt heaven and earth with thoughts and affections continually oscillating from the concerns and interests of the one to those of the other. At times, during rest, when the pains and fever of fatigue had subsided, and, except the dull sinking within the chest, the physical nature was left in a placid languor, the mind, gaining strength from the body's weakness, seemed to stretch its wings with angelic power, and interchange affections with sainted spirits —not as in the wild revelry of dreams, when the reason partakes the torpor of the senses—but with a vivid reality, an expansive consciousness of present and eternal relationships. Then with contemplations, loftier and freer than ever, he could soar to the presence of God. Then he could dwell upon the theme, ever dear to his mind, the interests of humanity, with impartial judgment and a charity like that of heaven. Thence he could look upon the world of his probation, the orb from which his feeble tenure was soon to be loosened forever, as one of the lower chambers, the nursery in the palace of God, and to the pure in heart, hardly less a paradise than erst was the Garden of Eden to its unfallen inmates.

After such abstractions, he could descend to the pains, to the cares and duties which still remained to him on earth, renewed in faith for submission to the will of his God, and refitted either to live or to die. Times of such pure spiritual existence are among the high alleviating privileges of the invalid state, and verify the wise ordinance of God, that,

> 'Not in condition is our happiness sincere,
> Tis no where to be found or everywhere.'
> 'And God a parent kind alike to all,
> Still grants some bliss at every earnest call.'

As from village to village the invalid journeyed on, and in each rested his wasting powers, the notes and signs of his maladies every where awakened before him the tender sympathies of fellow-beings. Each stranger's countenance wore the lineaments of deep solicitude, and each, eager to prescribe relief, often wearied the nervous invalid with queries, or urged the contradictory nostrums of peculiar experience. Such intercourses were sometimes annoying, particularly when answers were waited for from his bleeding lungs: but, when considered as the flowing 'milk of human kindness,' springing from spontaneous fountains, they were welcome tokens to the heart, of the natural tenderness of humanity; and thence he learnt a lesson, and enjoyed another privilege. He learnt to mark how quick the human heart—when taken unawares, unmailed by sordid interests, uncalloused by vice, and apart from the sectional coils of prejudice—how naturally quick, to vibrate to another's woe. Yes, his note book all along shows how much he was called to dwell upon these sentiments, 'humanity,' he says 'is kind—and the misanthrope who contradicts it denies his nature, and his God. If otherwise, why has it been, and is it still, that the struggles of a weaker party under oppression, rally to their rescue superior numbers. Let but the cry of distress be heard, or its signs seen, and how natural it is for the heart, unprompted, to throb and yearn towards the object of it.' Surely nothing but pure benevolence ever could have moved the daring youth who rushed through ruin and death, at the New-York fire to save and bring the doomed child to its mothers arms. It is nothing but the dove-like charity the natural benevolence of humanity that has hallowed the Fenelons and Howards of our race—And it is the same principle of our nature which it was the design of Christ to exemplify, and to induce us to keep unspotted. Yes, it was a grateful privilege to the invalid, though it sometimes suffused his eyes with tears of gratitude, to receive such daily attestations of the good-nature of his species; and yet in contrast it would be sad to think how often this spirit of sympathy is self-immolated, or loaded with the chains of artifice and evil. But who that has kept the sympathies alive, will not add the accord of his experience, and in the words of the poet say:

> 'Blest is the man whose sott'ning heart,
> Feels all another's pain;
> To whom the supplicating eye
> Was never raised in vain.
>
> Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
> A strangers woe to feel,
> And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
> He wants the power to heal.'

Thus, in mind, traversing a moral pilgrimage, the invalid in a few days had physically accomplished his journey to New-York. There, several kind friends with the brother soon found a ship bound for Charleston, the captain of which, being unaccustomed to coasting, intended to put to sea and shape his course in deep water. This plan had been recommended, and as the gentlemen found among the passengers two well tried friends—a much respected gentleman and a highly esteemed lady of the south—they at once preferred this ship, and the invalid was placed under the charge of the two friends. Previous however to the sailing of the ship, the brother could not forego the hopes of getting an encouraging word concerning the invalid's condition from Dr A. who was celebrated in New-York for his skill in the treatment of pulmonary affections. He was accordingly consulted; but he added nothing excepting an approval of the course adopted, and the brothers parted with as little hope of another earthly meeting as was left at home. One was borne toward the ocean—the other, lingering last among the crowd stood gazing from the shore upon the white canvass, as if it were the pall of his brother, until it was dimmed in the mists of distance. H.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN TEXAS.

We find in the Sunday School Journal the following report from an auxiliary Sunday school at Washington, Texas. The secretary writes as follows:—

'The school was in operation some five or six weeks before it was organized. It was attempted at the suggestion of a few of our townsmen, persons who were persuaded of the good resulting from Sabbath schools, having formerly been connected with them in the United States. We unanimously agreed to try the experiment in this young republic, and we are happy to say our efforts have been crowned with success. We have found little or no difficulty in obtaining teachers. We have so far held our school in a small house, which the owner kindly granted us the privilege of using until it should be wanted for other purposes; after which we shall be compelled to trespass on the good nature of our friends, until we get an academy built, which is also to be used as a church. The proprietors of the town have been good enough to give a piece of ground to build upon, as well as a liberal subscription towards building; and the citizens generally have liberally subscribed to the same object. We are much in want of a stated minister who will devote himself entirely to the work of his Lord and Master.

'In those ends of the earth, in the far western wilds of Texas, the influence of your noble institution is already felt; its light has already begun to dawn upon the youthful mind, and we hope ere long that our little institution in this infant republic will be as the leaven hid in the three measures of meal. In presenting this report I will make a few remarks on the location of our town. It is situated on the west bank of the Brazos river, at the junction of the Navasoto and Brazos, one hundred miles above Columbia, (by land,) and is surrounded by an extensive body of fertile land. The town is rapidly improving, and has a considerable population both in the town and its vicinity. The citizens are generally disposed to have literature and science prosper. Our school labors under many disadvantages for want of suitable books and a convenient house. The only books we have are some few library books, presented in 1834, by the American Sunday school Union, for the purpose of commencing a Sabbath school in Texas when opportunity offered. We hope soon to see our little school, though now contending with many difficulties, as a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, but giving light to all around.'

THE WIFE.—What a wife should be is beautifully delineated by a French writer. 'It is her happiness to be ignorant of all the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of a wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; and her domestics by goodness. Her home is the residence of filial order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents and dissipates the evil passions; the indigent who claim her charity, are never repulsed, the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her beloved, of prudence and firmness, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illume all that encircle her.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1837.

MISS MARTINEAU.

We have come to the conclusion that the hardest literary labor in the world is to write a good book of Travels. It is moreover an unthankful task, and replete with dangers to the fame of those authors, who have any fame to be endangered. More than one writer of undoubted genius and eminent popularity has inflicted upon himself the most unkind cut, by publishing his impressions as a Tourist. The fact is, a strange people may not be estimated by a passing glance, foreign institutions can not be appreciated by brief questions and answers and a transient survey—the really great and deep things of a nation cannot be distinguished from the superficial and the unimportant by the observation of a month, the truth cannot be reached in a stage-coach or a ball-room conversation, and least of all will the heart of Society unfold its secret places to the "chiel" that is professedly "takin notes" of its manifestations, as with an improvident or an impertinent curiosity he essays to penetrate that he may expose it.

These remarks, if they have any force in them, will apply with peculiar point to the lady whose name is at their head—whose name is every where among us, and in many connexions in which a lady's name never should be.

We have been reading her *Society in America*, and with great delight and edification—although it neither comports with our expectation, nor raises our esteem of the author.

It is written in a very easy and animated though it seems to us not always a lucid or correct style. We are continually amused and surprised with the immense multitude of facts and anecdotes which are crowded into the chapters; and at the incorrectness and falsity after all, of some of her generalizations.

Her volubility of narrative fills us with wonder: the boldness and confidence with which she bolts out her own conclusions on all subjects, serves the purpose of a good lecture on modesty; and the quickness of observation, and the versatility of talent which are so continually displayed as we turn over her pages, command our unqualified admiration.

Whenever she speaks of our free government, or of the rights and destiny of humanity, the mind insensibly pays her reverence Her soul is evidently baptised into the love of freedom and of man; and inspired with a noble confidence in human nature under the discipline of the true faith.

We love our country all the more for what she has written—for however unjust she may have been to individuals, she was impressed with a sort of awe, as she herself confesses, in the atmosphere of our free institutions, in view of the independence, competence, and intellectual vigor of our self governing citizens that irresistibly constrained her to do homage to the land, whose praise is in all the earth.

It is hardly to be wondered at that while Miss Martineau speaks her mind with so much freedom and boldness, she should occasionally put forth remarks which are unjust, unlady-like and offensive to a pure taste. In this respect she has exposed herself to severe criticism, and censure. Indeed, so generally have both been lavished upon her, that even if we had been disposed to indulge in either, we should now abstain, from very lack of terms that have not been used upon her and her work until they have lost all their point.

We have not space for any extracts from the book and but for a single remark in addition to the above. Miss Martineau had a perfect right to give her real impressions concerning our people, our institutions, and our public men. Our discharge of the rites of hospitality toward her cannot be fairly considered as having placed her under any restraint in this respect. All that was done for her comfort was entirely gratuitous, such as would have been done in the case of any distinguished foreigner who might throw himself in a similar way upon American hospitality. Our salt was not sprinkled before her that it might season her eulogium of us—nor our good will displayed, to gloss over our blemishes in her sight. We but performed a *pleasant duty*. If she has not on her part discharged the obligation, heaven forbid that *we* should call her to account on *this ground*.

We hesitate not to commend the Book to all who have not read it. Few new works will better repay one for the expense of purchasing and the pains of an attentive perusal.

And all readers upon putting it down will doubtless come to our conclusion, that Miss Martineau has furnished out a good feast for them, though at the price of her own reputation with some for delicacy, and good taste.

The work may be found in neat binding ta the Bookstore of Weeks, Jordan & Co.

FOURTH OF JULY—SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We observe that there has been a meeting of the Association of Sabbath School Superintendents and Teachers in New York City, to take into consideration measures for the celebration of the approaching Anniversary of our Independence by Sunday Schools, in a way that comports with reason, freedom, and religion. Something of the same kind has been talked of in relation to the Sunday Schools in our own city—and in the last Register we briefly expressed an opinion in favor of the suggestion to this effect, which was contained in the last *S. S. Teacher.*

Of course great judgment and very delicate dealing with the prejudices and joyfulness of

the young heart would be requisite in order to any good purpose being answered by such an arrangement. We would be the last to lay any stumbling block in the way of childhood's bounding step—or to thrust religion—of all things in the world—in, as a veil between its fancy and the sunshine which God is pleased to shed over the scenes and occasions of its mirth. It is with no such view as this, that we express approbation of the proposed measure—but from the conviction that the association of devotion with the holidays and sports of the young would greatly *heighten their bliss*, while it would *sanctify their joy*. Especially should all that is beautiful and pleasant in life be connected with the idea of God. And all that cannot be legitimately associated with the sentiments and exercises of piety, should not be regarded as either proper or desirable for the children of light. We are sure that there is no delight to a pure mind that can compare with that which it experiences in partaking of the cup of happiness under the most immediate sense of the smile of Him who kindly holds it to our lips. And the glow of patriotism, and the joy of social intercourse, as they strictly comport with devotion and gratitude—so do they need unformal prayer and the song of Thanksgiving that they may have their full zest to the heart.

We feel very confident that under the direction of those who are wise in things pertaining to childhood, very excellent consequences might result from a Sunday school celebration of the Festival of our Freedom.

And in this connexion—and as a partial illustration of our idea of the true way in which such a celebration should be conducted, we cannot forbear relating a delightful instance of the mingling of devotion with the plays and joys of children, which came under our observation not long ago.

The Teachers of a certain Sunday school had invited their pupils to spend a holiday in the country—A beautiful and convenient spot for the encampment of this little band of the followers of the Prince of Peace, had been chosen in the neighborhood of the city—not an unworthy type of those heavenly pastures whither the good shepherd is leading all the lambs of his flock.

The day for the excursion had dawned in every respect agreeable to the eager wishes of the children—and at an early hour, with countenances beaming with light and joy that faintly imaged the everlasting morning of the pure soul, the happy group assembled in a large room assigned for their rendezvous, bringing kites and balls and hoops and every toy and plaything that could be collected from two hundred nurseries and museums.

In the midst of the buzz of irrepressible happiness that filled the hall, when all the party had collected, one of the Teachers, in the true spirit of his office, as a Priest to offer up in every place the incense of infant hearts to God—calling the silent attention of the children, briefly addressed them in such words as these.

Come, my dear children, we are going to have a happy day. Our hearts beat high, and our hands are full of instruments of pleasure. We know who it is that has kept us in health till this hour. We know whose fields and flowers those are which we are going to see. We know whose love and smile and blessing will be needed to make us really enjoy our jaunt. Come then children, put down your playthings one moment—and let us all join in a short prayer and one sweet song of praise to our Father who is in Heaven.

A more acceptable offering went not up from all the wide earth on that morning to Him who is enthroned in the praises of the good and the joys of the innocent—and no group of his children enjoyed more of that smile which is the light and health of the soul.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JULY.

We have been favored by the Publishers, J. Munroe & Co., with a perusal of the July number of the Examiner—in anticipation.

The following is the table of contents;—Clerical Studies,—The Miracles of Jesus,—Norton on the Genuineness of the Gospels,—Memoir of Rev. Bernard Whitman,—Dr. Wayland's Elements of Moral Science,—Miriam,—Existing Commercial Embarrassments,—Notices and Intelligence.

It is a valuable Number. The Article on the Miracles of Jesus, by Wm. H. Furness, will be read with great interest. It is full of fine thoughts, and is written with great taste and power.

For the gratification of those of our readers who have not access to the pages of the Examiner, we transfer to our columns a few passages.

Mr F. regards the miracles of Christ to have been the natural effects of his inspired will acting through the simplest means. With what sacred care and delicate appreciation does he deal with the character of the *Blessed* in the following remarks—giving its just importance and a sincere purpose to every gesture and accent of him who knew no guile and in whose heart immaculate truth sat enthroned. Let him who most widely differs in opinion from Mr F. in regard to *Miracles*, attentively read this article and it will be impossible for him to deny that his reverence for the character of Jesus has been deepened, as his acquaintance with its less conspicuous harmonies and more retired glories has been wonderfully increased.

We cannot consent to regard him as using words, as lifting a finger, except from an impulse of mind corresponding with a true sincere spirit. It is not to be believed that on those great occasions especially, when he restored sight to the blind, and health to the diseased, and summoned the dead back to life, he used words or assumed postures not strictly honest and natural,—that he addressed the dead, not really with the idea of being heard and obeyed by the dead, but merely with an eye to the living spectators. We cannot entertain this belief, because it not only has no vital coherence with his nature, but dims that idea of a perfectly true and single mind which he has helped us, as no other ever has done, to form. According to the common impression, his miracles were not wrought as he has caused it to appear that they were wrought; and it would have been in stricter agreement with the fact, if, instead of that loud command addressed directly to Lazarus, he had prayed to God to work the wonder, and referred the spectators to that Divine Agency, which, as it is commonly understood, was not exerted in and through the will of Jesus, but extraneously and coincidently. But he made no such reference at any time. *'I will'* said he to the leper, 'be thou clean!' 'Young man! *I say unto thee*, arise!' 'Damsel! *I say unto thee* arise!' How impressively is this the tone of one conscious in himself of the power to utter these awful commands, and who spake, knowing that he would be obeyed! He rises before us in unearthly majesty, the very image of God, when we consider him as speaking to the winds and waves, or to the dead, as touching the leper, or anointing the eyes of the blind with his saliva, with the same singleness of mind which characterizes him on all other occasions. It is because his miracles, as they stand recorded in the sketches of his life, admit of being viewed in this light, nay, the letter and the spirit of the record demand it, that we hold them to be real. They are at one with a being surpassingly simple and glorious. Consistent and luminous expressions of his inward life, they prove themselves to be indivisible parts of him, genuine productions of God.

With regard to the *power* by which the miracles of our Savior were wrought, Mr F. thus expresses his views.

He has told us, in terms the most explicit, what the power was, by which they were wrought. He affected not the slightest concealment. On the contrary, he implied, and asserted over and over again, that the effects produced by him, were to be traced to Faith. To Faith he attributed transcendant power. To those whom he relieved by a word, or a touch, his language was, 'Thy faith hath cured thee' 'According to thy faith be it done unto thee.' To the parent, who sought relief for his sick child, his declaration was, 'Believe; all things are possible to him that believeth.' To the blind men in the vicinity of Jericho, he said, 'Believe ye that I am able to do this?' Add to these those solemn words, 'Whoso believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' Could we rid ourselves of the impression, that we have ascertained the laws and limits of all the forces acting around and within us, we should find little difficulty in perceiving that, according to the simplest interpretation of this language, Faith must be recognised as an agent in the production of the miracles of Christ.

But it will instantly be said that Jesus did not intend to ascribe any vital influence to faith; that the faith of the sick and the blind, for instance, did not really operate to their relief, but was merely the qualification, on account of which he consented to exercise his supernatural power. The force of this remark is more in appearance than in reality. You certainly do not mean to say that Jesus ascribed any *merit* to faith,—that he wrought miracles only for those whom he accounted *deserving*. Such an idea is countenanced neither by true religion nor sound philosophy. It was for the unworthy that he lived, and labored, and died. Not the righteous, but sinners, came he to call to repentance. It was upon no ground of merit that he ascribed so much importance to faith. Was the demand for faith, then, an arbitrary condition, having no foundation in nature, a mere caprice? Such it must be esteemed,—there is no other alternative,—if no vital connection is supposable between it and those effects to which it was so repeatedly and emphatically pronounced to be preliminary. It is a divine trait of the utterances of Jesus, that they express truths, facts, which, the more they are studied, are found to be, not the creations of a solitary mind, but truths, existing from eternity, in the very constitution of things. Hence it was that he felt and declared, that his teaching was not his but God's. It was not the peculiar offspring of his own mind. It was true, independently of him. If it be supposed, that, although he laid so much stress upon faith, it still was not naturally, essentially necessary,—that it sustained no living relation to the effects, to which he so frequently declared it to be conditional, then we have no test of the truth and divinity of his declarations concerning faith, and they are undistinguishable from the fictions of a mere human mind. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that we must be able to trace the vital connection between faith and his miracles, but that we must suppose that the requisition of faith was founded upon such a connection. If it were not, how is it to be distinguished from a purely arbitrary requisition?

The following is our author's definition of *Faith*.

But what did he mean by Faith? Could we only find the answer to this question, we should be able to discover what share Faith had in the working of his miracles. A clear and comprehensive definition of faith is difficult, perhaps impossible. It may be illustrated, however, in a manner sufficiently definite to meet the purpose of our present investigation. One thing is evident. By faith is signified an act or state of mind. The term denotes a mental force. In referring his miracles to faith, then, it may be said, in other words, that Jesus ascribed them to the power of mind.

We would invite attention to the three subjoined illustrations of Mr F's idea of the mode in which the miracles were wrought by the action of Faith. They are described with wonderful ingenuity and beauty, and the Theory is in them applied to *all the miracles*, which may be arranged into three classes—those performed upon *living men* upon *inanimate matter* and upon the *dead*.

The principal miracles of Christ consisted in the relief of the sick, the infirm in body, and in mind; and in all these cases, there is ample room for the supposition of a powerful mental force. Were all the miracles ascribed to him of this description, few, I apprehend, would find any difficulty in referring them to the influence of faith. Consider the case of the man with a withered hand, who was cured at the word of Jesus. We would avoid repeating what we have said elsewhere upon this and other of his miracles. But let the reader remark that, in this instance, he did not apply his power directly to the diseased limb; he addressed the man. He bade him stretch out his hand, and it was made whole like the other. Now had this individual been suddenly precipitated into the water, we can easily conceive that a sense of imminent danger may have so wrought upon his mind as to induce him to forget that his limb was withered, and to exert so powerful a volition that the nerves and muscles of the withered hand would instantly have been acted upon, and the hand itself thrust forth. Frequent cases of this sort have occurred. But will it be said, that a highly excited sense of bodily danger could alone operate to this effect? What were the circumstances under which the man with a withered hand stretched it out, and instantly recovered its perfect use? He was standing in a synagogue, upon a spot made sacred and impressive by religious associations. The eyes of an excited crowd were bent upon him. He was standing in the presence of a man to whom the eyes of thousands, flaming with awe and trembling curiosity, were turned. A multitude of hearts stricken and melted by his unwonted air of authority, were heaving around him. The singular dignity of his character must have shown itself in his voice, in his eye, in his whole expression and deportment. We appeal to the experience of the reader Are we ever conscious of a more thrilling emotion of mind, than that inspired by one who is receiving wide and fervent homage? How do our hearts tremble and glow when we stand before a man, whose name is upon all our lips, whose steps are thronged by multitudes! When we think with what fearful power the individual mind is moved by an excited state of the general mind,—how it is borne along, as by a resistless current, it seems hardly necessary to suppose that the man, whose hand Jesus restored to soundness, had any distinct sense of the true greatness of him, whose commanding he so instantly obeyed. He was awed by his simple presence. He looked upon him with that profound reverence, which the excited looks, and the breathless accents, and the heaving bosoms of the multitude, feeling as one man, must all have united to inspire. At the same time, the extraordinary personal dignity, which it is impossible to disconnect from the idea of Jesus, and the calm and kingly tone of authority, with which he spoke, must also have contributed not a little to the effect. Far more clearly than we are able to express, do we see to what a transcendent influence the mind of the sufferer was subjected.

The multiplication of the loaves and fishes,—by what possible influence of faith was this effected? How could the mind of Jesus so act upon, as to increase them thus marvellously? How could faith create food?

In relation to this point, it is important to remark that, when Jesus himself spake of the power of faith, he always illustrated it by reference to its influence upon inanimate matter. 'If,' said he, 'ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye may say to this mountain, or to this sycamore tree, be thou plucked up by the roots and cast into the sea, and it would obey you.' So full of a transcendent energy was faith, in the smallest degree, as a grain of mustard-seed, he declared that it might uproot trees and overturn mountains at a word.

It is not necessary that we should clearly see how the faith of Jesus wrought upon the loaves to multiply them. Our purpose is to show that the miracles of Christ bear the impress of that hand which forms and guides all nature. If the event, which we are now considering, presents certain striking traits of nature, as it cannot be denied it does in the manner of Jesus on this occasion, it is no ground for rejecting it as a fact, merely because, under one aspect, the signature of nature fails to appear. It may be that the hand of nature is there, but that our eyes are too dim to see it. All that is necessary, therefore, in the present case, is to show that the influence of faith in multiplying the loaves and fishes is not impossible. Who will venture to say that the relations of matter and spirit are defined? According to the best philosophers, 'all that we know of the impenetrability of matter amounts to this, that there exist certain repulsive forces, which counteract those compressing forces we ourselves exert. Now, if this is the case, we must ascribe these forces to something analogous to that of which we are conscious in ourselves. In other words, we must ascribe them to the agency of mind; for active force is an attribute of mind, just as much as sensation or thought.'* What we call matter, therefore, there is no slight authority for believing, is not an independent existence, but a mode of mind. And the power of Jesus over inanimate substances was the action of mind upon mind There is, then, at least, a possible affinity between the cause and the effect; a possible relation between the visible forms upon which Jesus wrought, and the invisible force of his will. The effects he produced upon the loaves and fishes; on the waves when he walked on them, or when he stilled their fury by a word; and on the fig-tree which he cursed, are without a precedent. They come not within the limits of human experience. But it can be neither affirmed that they are impossible, nor decided that they are violations of the laws of nature. Suppose the proportion now existing in point of numbers, between those who hear and speak on the one hand, and the deaf and dumb on the other were reversed,—nay, were there only two or three individuals of our race who possessed the gifts of speech and hearing, should we be justified either in questioning their existence, or in assigning them to a miraculous order of beings? Yet we should perceive that they had methods of acting upon each other, of which we could form no conception.

According to the common mode of maintaining the truth of the Christian miracles, the multiplication of the bread, it is insisted, was effected by Divine Power. Undoubtedly. But God is a pure spirit; and Divine Power is the power of mind. Now was the force, present and active in the material substances upon which Jesus wrought, greater in degree (it may have been, as we have seen, the same in kind,) than that which was present in the spirit of Christ? Is it altogether inconceivable that God may inspire a human miud, or, which is the same thing, that he may exert through a human mind, a higher degree of force than is exerted through the forms and changes of matter? This idea, it may be said, is conceivable, but wholly gratuitous. We deny that it is entirely unauthorized. We do not know the measure of the power with which the children of God, the partakers of his spirit may be gifted. The endless variety of minds justifies the hope and the prayer for the advent of new minds, bringing new gifts, exhibiting the inexhaustible force of spirit in new modes. Besides, God has not left us. He is here, and we are standing on the theatre upon which love and wisdom infinite are pouring themselves forth in ceaseless activity.

It is worthy of our most awakened attention, that of the three individuals whom Jesus restored to life, one was a personal friend of his, and the two others were young persons, one a little girl only twelve years of age, and the other a young man.

A connexion, which we cannot persuade ourselves is fanciful, discloses itself between cases of this description, and certain remarkable declarations of Jesus. 'Whosoever believeth in me,' said he upon the occasion of raising Lazarus, 'though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth shall never die.' Lazarus had died loving Jesus, believing in him. His spirit had sunk into the mysterious slumber of death, cherishing a principle of faith, over which, as a property or element of the mind, no physical change could have any power. He had gone out of life, bound to Jesus by a tie which death could not break The connexion between the body and the soul in life is inscrutable, and so is it in death. Where the spirit is in life we know not. We are 'obscurely sensible' of its immediate presence in the brain or the heart. Neither do we know where it is in death. The universal impression is, that the union of the two is severed with the last heaving of the lungs. We know not that it is so. When the spirit suspends the outward manifestation of its presence, we immediately conclude that it has changed its place. But let us guard against the illusions which the idea of space practises on us. How knew we but that 'the lost friend is still mysteriously here, even as we are here mysteriously with God?' We know not but that a transcendent spiritual force may recall the spirit out of that cloud into which it passes, and which we call death, and cause it to resume its connexion with the body. Such a spiritual sympathy existed between Jesus and Lazarus, before the death of the latter, that we cannot venture to deny that this spiritual fellowship may have been the means by which the living wrought upon the dead. The dying have been revived for a little while by the earnest appeal of a beloved voice, and bright intelligence has been kindled once more, though but for a moment, in the glazed eye. No human mind can fathom that power of which the awful summons, 'Lazarus! come forth!' was the symbol. We entreat the reader to consider that these are not the suggestions of an extravagant pretension, of knowledge. Their force must be felt only as we confess our ignorance, and extricate our minds from these hasty impressions concerning life and death, which we are apt to cherish as self-evident truths.

When the defender of the common theory of the miracles calls upon us to prove that these mysteries *are*, as we have suggested they may be, he mistakes the grounds upon which we both stand. We are not opposing speculations to facts. For the facts as they are represented, we stand up (need we say it?) as stoutly as others. The question is between one theory of the facts and another. We beg leave, also, to ask the advocates of the popular theory to prove what they assert, that the spirit of Lazarus had passed irrevocably out of the reach of the voice of Jesus. It will be replied, that no such event has ever occurred before or since as the restoration of a man four days dead at the sound of a human voice, and this is proof sufficient and in point. But we ask again, with no disposition to evade the difficulty, has such a man as Jesus of Nazareth ever appeared?

The two others whom he restored to life were young persons; one was quite a child. Remember what he said of the young; 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' There is something more here than a mere figure of speech. Faith is the peculiar trait of childhood and youth. So congenial to a child's nature is it to cherish trust, to bestow confidence, so ready is he to listen to all sounds as to true voices, that, if we supposed he had come into this world from a preexistent state, we should infer that he had lived in a world of perfect truth.

Between him and children there was a peculiar sympathy. He took them in his arms and blessed them. He placed a child before his disciples and pointed to him as a model. In declaring, as he did with so much solemnity, that the guardian angels of children stand always around the Eternal Throne, he intimated that God is very near to the young. It was because he felt himself bound by spiritual living ties to little children, that he said of the little girl, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' To him her spirit was so visibly within call of his, it was so perfectly easy to summon he back, that she seemed not to be dead.

The following are the Author's concluding remarks.

In conclusion we would briefly remind those who insist that Jesus referred his miracles to the power of God, that it has been the main purpose of the foregoing pages to justify this reference,—to show that his miracles were wrought by the spirit, that they bear the impress of the finger of Him, of whom and to whom are all things. Let the language of Jesus be carefully studied, and nothing will appear more plainly than that he ascribed all events, even those we deem natural, to the immediate agency of Heaven.

It has been our aim to show that the wonderful works of Jesus are in perfect harmony with natnre's highest laws. Do they still appear to violate the order of the physical universe?

* Boscovich, quoted by Stewart.

BABYLON IS FALLING.

This is the title of a discourse preached in the Masonic Temple, to the *Society for Christian Union, and Progress*, on Sunday morning May 28, 1837, by its minister O. A. Brownson. Boston, published by I. R. Butts. Published by request.

The text is—Revelations xviii. 11—*And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandize any more.* Which language, as it was used in reference to the fall of Babylon, the author remarks can only be understood by settling what the writer of the Revelations intended to shadow forth by the city of Babylon. Mr B. understands the figure as indicating the 'SPIRIT OF GAIN' the Commercial Spirit, or System, which has in these last centuries spread over the world, corrupted and intoxicated all people.

The Sermon is written in a highly impassioned style, suggests some important thoughts; and though its tone is not consonant with our own feelings—will be regarded as a very powerful production by all those who sympathize with the author.

The Article headed EXPEDIENCY, commencing on our first page, will be found to be a Review of an Article contained in the last No. of the Christian Examiner.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST, by Rev. T. B. Fox. The second volume of this useful little work, with poetical illustrations, and notes, has been sent us by the publishers, Weeks, Jordan, & Co.

The poetry is selected with good taste, from a wide range of authors, and the notes are very brief and appropriate.

THE LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW No. XIV. June, 1837, Conducted by Leonard Woods, Jun. has been sent us by Otis, Broaders & Co. The following are the subjects of its Articles.

Prospects of Western and Central Africa,—Thoughts on Modern Literature,—Are Pedobaptist Churches in receiving members, warranted to dispense with Infant Baptism?—Interpretation of Isaiah,—Review of Dwight's Hebrew Wife,—Mourning Apparel,—Celsus,—Romanism and Justification,—On the Doctrine of Election,—Piety of the Seventeenth Century,—An Inquiry respecting the Agency System,—Review of Dr. Woodbridge on Practical Religion.

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

A very interesting No. The following is the table of Contents.

On the Accumulation of Property,—Domestic Education,—Angel Ministrations,—Mobs,—Statistics of Insanity,—Poetry,—The Chosen Scene of my Recollection,—The Fireside,—The Ipswich School,—American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,—Poetry,—President Hale's Inaugural Address,—The Boston Anniversaries,—Literary Notices.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We learn from the General Secretary of the A. U. A. that an Association, auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, has been formed in Gloucester; and that the Rev. Josiah K. Waite is the Agent.

The Treasurer of the A. U. A. acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

From the Rev. Mr Cole's Society in Hallowell, Me.	$26.00.
From the Auxiliary Association in the Rev. Mr Barrett's Society, Boston.	$30.00.
From the Auxiliary Association in Worcester.	$85.00.
Do. Do. Northfield	$11.00.
From the Auxiliary Association in the Rev. Mr Brooks's Society, Hingham.	$14.00.
From the Auxiliary Association in Northboro.	$50.00.

INTELLIGENCE.

Selling Spirituous Liquors on Sunday. We are glad to note by the following items in the 'Post,' that some persons are prosecuting offenders for selling spirituous Liquors on Sunday.

POLICE COURT.—Ezra Jones, keeper of the Park Hall, convicted of selling spirituous liquors on Sunday, fined $20 and costs. He appealed, and gave bonds to prosecute the appeal.

John Tilton, innholder in Ann street, same offence and fine, also appealed.

David Cummings, innholder in Ann street, for a similar offence, was fined $20 and costs, and paid it.

Thomas Chick, keeper of Globe Hotel, fined the same as the preceding, and in default, committed.—*Post.*

We said we were glad,—not that there was occasion for prosecution, but, that there are those who have the spirit, and faithfulness to the interests of the community, to prosecute those who are known to violate the wholesome laws of the state, who set traps for thoughtless and unwary youth, by furnishing temptations to excess and the violation of the quiet of the Sabbath. Let every good citizen consider it his duty to follow up, to the extremity of the law, every instance that comes within his knowledge of transgression of the law. There will then, soon, be comparatively little occasion for prosecution, and the improved quiet and good order of the day will be strikingly manifested.

Rioters Apprehended.—On Saturday, last week, five young men were arrested on suspicion of having been engaged in the riot in Broad street, on the 11th inst. and examined before the Police Court. Three were discharged after examination. The other two—E. G. Damrell, and Pliny Piper, were bound over for their appearance at the Municipal Court.

Credit.—In a late letter of Hon. Mr Tallmadge, we find the following remarks.

'The credit system is the distinguishing feature between despotism and liberty; it is the offspring of free institutions: it is found to exist, and its influence is felt in proportion to the freedom enjoyed by any people. By freedom I do not mean unregulated, unrestrained, natural liberty, but that freedom which is founded on just and equitable laws; where the rights of personal security, or private property, and religious toleration, are guaranteed to every individual; where there is a general diffusion of knowledge, and the existence of public and private morality.—These are the elements, and they together form the basis of public confidence on which the credit system rests. This is the invention of modern times. In the old governments of Europe, where liberty never found a resting place, is credit unknown. To the United States has been left the honor of maturing and perfecting this system. To the United States, also, is the honor due of having first applied the system of steam navigation. The effects on the general prosperity of the nation have been as sensibly felt in the one case as in the other.

JUDGE DEWEY, the newly appointed associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was inducted into office this morning. He appeared with the 'whole Court' and took a seat on the bench. The clerk read his commission, when the Chief Justice, the other judges and members of the bar rose and bowed in token of recognition and the ceremony was ended.—*Transcript.*

DEATH INCIDENT TO CRIME.—Early this morning a negro entered the cabin of a vessel lying at T wharf, and attempted to steal the Captain's watch. He was detected in the act, dropped the watch on the cabin floor and fled. The Captain pursued and caught him. The negro escaped from him, jumped overboard and swam to the Eastern packet pier. He was followed by a boat, but disappeared under the pier and was shortly after found drowned.—*Transcript.*

THE STEAMER PORTSMOUTH proves to be a first rate boat. She performed her passage from Portsmouth to Boston in less than six hours and a half, against a heavy sea and the wind blowing almost a gale. She is as comfortable as she is staunch and safe, and in every respect a fine passenger boat.

We predict an abundant crop of wheat the coming season. We are gratified to learn that so much attention has been turned to the subject by our farmers.—They have seen and felt the evil of carrying so much money out of the State for the staff of life. The fact is well known, that we possess a soil but little inferior to that of any State in the Union. Many farmers on the Kennebec, we understand, have sowed much more wheat this spring, than is usual for them to reap in the fall. A country cannot be poor when its yeomanry bestow their proper attention upon their proper calling—regardless alike of the gilded schemes of speculation and the din of political strife.—*Ellsworth Journal.*

Exploring Expedition—The difference of opinion among the officers attacked to this expedition as to the merits of the vessels destined for their use, has induced the Secretary of the Navy to order the two barques to be taken into dock for further examination. The Secretary has also convened a Board of Naval officers to make a survey of the vessels, and report its opinion of their suitableness for the contemplated service.

England.—Liverpool papers to May 25th, have been received. There is no important news. We give the following from a Liverpool correspondent of the New York Star.

The King had a very severe attack of the asthma on Sunday, which prevented his usual attendance at Church.

Sir Henry Halford has been in constant attendance. The report by this morning's paper is, 'His Majesty is better.' The Queen's health is slowly mending She had, it seems, placed herself under some Homœopathic quack, who nearly killed her.

I am sorry to say that things are growing worse in Liverpool. Trade is dull, and credit at an ebb. In the various trading towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the result is the same. We have dreadful accounts from each place, and failures are taking place almost daily.

It is feared the Bank of England must abandon the aid it has been affording to the merchants.

In domestic matters, we have had only three events since my last. The election of Broadwood (the piano forte maker) as M. P. for Bridgewater, against young Sheridan, who ran away with Miss Grant last year: Sir F. Burdett's having made, the evening before last, a flaming speech against the abolition of church rates; and Serjeant Talfourd (the author of Ion) having made an able speech on Friday, in moving the extension of copyright (literary) to 60 years after the author's death.

We are in daily expectation of a change of ministry Earl Grey and the Duke of Richmond have been closeted with the King, and the former is said to be anxious to resume office as Premier. The Whigs are afraid that Lord Durham, who is returning from Russia, will divide the radical Whig union, and have a trial of his own strength against them. Brougham has written to some friends here to say that he will soon be in office again. The Conservatives appear equally sure of a break up in the Ministry.

From France, we have little news save that Louis Philippe's amnesty has wrought wonders in his favor.

In regard to business affairs we find the following in the New York American of the 19th.

'So far as regards commercial affairs, they are decidedly less unfavorable than was anticipated. The arrival of this packet had been looked for with the greatest solicitude and apprehension The reality has happily fallen short of what was feared.

Several failures of houses in Liverpool, connected with America, had occurred—but in no instance, we believe, where such an event had not been expected; while one house of very extensive engagements, and about which, at the previous dates, some alarm was felt, having received large remittances from this side, and been otherwise aided, would go on without pause.

The condition of the Bank of England seems to us beyond any doubt. It will stand, come what may.

The cotton market, after having fallen from 1-4 to 1-2d during the week ending on Saturday, 20th May, rallied in the beginning of the next week, and was 1-4 better.

'We hear, moreover, very directly, that a letter written from Liverpool at 12 o'clock on the 24th, (the day of sailing of the packet,) states that information had been received by express from London that the Bank of England would continue to uphold the American houses.

Upon the whole, we conclude that there is far less of discouraging in them than we expected.'

Spain.—A letter to the editor of the New York American, dated Havre, May 16th, says that Spanish affairs are now as uncertain as ever. Don Carlos is rather gaining ground. Catalonia has declared itself independent, and there is no saying how this civil war is to terminate.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Philanthropic Society in the Theological School of Harvard University will be holden in the University Chapel on the afternoon of the 19th of July next.

Subject for Discussion.—The alleged deficiency in the number of ministers at the present time, and the means of supplying it.

All gentlemen who may feel an interest in the subject, are respectfully solicited to be present and take part in the discussion.

B. F. BARRETT, *Secretary.*

Cambridge, June 21.

MARRIAGES.

In Marcus Hook, Penn. Henry B. Odiorne, Esq. of Boston to Miss Hannah M. Brackett.

In Templeton, Mr Ezra Kendall, of this city, to Miss Miranda Partridge.

In Northampton, Mr Robert East Apthrop, of Boston to Miss Eliza Henshaw, daughter of the late Mr Ebenezer Hunt.

In Gilmantown, N. H. Mr J. Carlton Hackett, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Ann Hackett.

In New Orleans, Mr Wm. Johnson to Miss Mary Keith of this city.

DEATHS.

In this city on Monday, Ann Homer, daughter of Mr Wm G. Ladd, aged 4 yrs. and 3 mos.

In this city, 18 inst. Mrs Polly K. wife of Mr Samuel Kendall, aged 43.

In Milton, Mr Joshua Ward, aged 82, a revolutionary soldier.

In Roxbury, Mrs Mary J. wife of Mr Amory H. Bowman aged 32.

In Hingham, Miss Georgiana E. daughter of the late Geo. Miles Jr Esq. of Baltimore, aged 19.

In Sterling, Mass. Dr Luther Allen, aged 64.

In North East, Penn. 14th inst. Mr Otis Tileston, of this city, aged 48.

In Marblehead, Joshua Prentiss Esq. aged 93, an officer in the revolution.

In Mobile, Mr George C. Curtis, aged 37.

BOARDERS WANTED.—Two or three Lads can be accommodated with board, a few miles from the city, where they will receive suitable care and attention. There is an academy and other schools in the immediate vicinity. Inquire at this office. j1

TRACTS OF THE A. U. A.

TRACT NO. 117. 'Religious and moral wants of the West by Wm. G. Eliot.' St. Louis, Missouri.

Tract No. 116. 'The history of Christ, a testimony that the Father is the only God and sole object of adoration.' By W. J. Fox.

Tract No. 118. 'On denying the Lord Jesus.' By the late Bernard Whitman.

CARPENTER'S CATECHISM. For sale at this office Carpenter's Catechism, by the dozen or the hundred.

50 cts. a dozen. 3.50 cts a hundre d. j1

WASHINGTON IRVING'S New work, The Rocky Mountains. This day received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. j1

CAUSES OF RELIGIOUS DECLENSION, particularly those which have occasioned the present low state of religion among different denominations of Christians. By Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D.—Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts j1

THE THEATRE, its influence upon Literature, Morals, and Religion, by Robert Trumbull, just received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. j1

LOCKHART'S SCOTT. Memoirs of the life of Sir Walter Scott, part 3d; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street.

IRVING'S NEW WORK. The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents and Adventures in the Far West, digested from the Journal of Capt B. L. E. Bonneville, of the U. S. Army, and illustrated from various other sources, by Washington Irving—2 vols 12mo—just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134, Washington street. j1

CHANNING'S SUNDAY SCHOOL SERMON. A few copies only—for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 washington street. j1

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS. Just published the 2d vol the Ministry of Jesus Christ completed and arranged from the Four Gospels, with Poetical Illustrations and Notes by T. B. Fox. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. j1

SOCIETY IN AMERICA, vol 2d just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j1

MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST, With notes and poetical illustrations, by Rev. T. B. Fox. The second volume of this work is just published at the Literary Rooms 121 Washington st. WEEKS JORDAN & CO. j1

MISS MARTINEAU'S NEW WORK. SKETCHES of Society in America, by Harriet Martineau, complete in two 12mo volumes, Received at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st. j 24 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY. J. F. FOSTER, Agent, invites those who desire an effectual remedy for the dangerous and distressing disease of RUPTURE, to call at his residence, 305 Washington street, (opposite 264,) up stairs, entrance in the rear, where he is in constant attendance to adapt his Trusses to the particular case of the patient. All individuals can see him alone at any time, at the above place. He has for eighteen years past been engaged in the manufacture and making use of these instruments, and has applied six hundred to persons within two years. Although he has not followed it steadily and exclusively, he has made them for himself for eighteen years past, and for individuals to whom he is at liberty to refer. Having worn the different kinds of Trusses more or less, that have been offered to the public for the twenty years past, from different patent manufactories, he is now able to decide, after examining the rupture, what sort of Truss is best to adapt to all the different cases that occur; and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss as cheap, as can be had elsewhere. Any person that purchases a Truss at this establishment, if it does not suit, can exchange until they are well suited, without extra charge.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are the Patent Elastic Spring Truss, with spring pads; Trusses without steel springs (these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night); Improved Hinge and Pivot Truss; Umbilical Spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani, by wearing which, persons troubled with a decant of the rectum, can ride on horseback with perfect ease and safety. Mr. F. also makes Trusses for the Prolapsus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have tailed. Suspensary Trusses, Knee Caps, and Back Boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience, and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufactories, which they can have; if his do not suit them after a fair trial, they can exchange for any of them:—Dr Hull's; Read's Spiral Truss; Randall's do.; Farr's do.; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do.; Shaker's Rocking Trusses; Heintzleman's India Rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Ivory turned Pad Trusses; Stone's do., double and single; also Trusses for children of all sizes.

The subscriber makes and keeps on hand Shoes for deformed and crooked feet, and is doing this every week, for children and infants in this city, and from out of the city. Specimens of his workmanship may be seen at the Manufactory.

Mr F. will wait on individuals at their houses when preferred; he takes measures of infants at any age, and makes Trusses for both double and single ruptures, which may be worn without pain and inconvenience, and which in many cases will produce a perfect cure, in the space of six or twelve weeks in such little children; he has had occasion to make a number of late, the fathers and mothers of whom he will refer to, as well as the physicians by whom they were recommended to Mr Foster.

Individuals in this city have been cured of their complaints by wearing Trusses of his make for six or twelve months, so as to be able to leave them off; although some prefer never to leave off a Truss entirely, after having once worn one, as the inconvenience is but trifling. A good Elastic Spring Truss, made as it ought to be, and well fitted, would be no more trouble than the suspenders. Some of the individuals on whom cures have been effected, he is at liberty to refer to. He likewise informs individuals he will not make their complaints known to any one except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

Trusses repaired at the shortest notice.

☞ Ladies wishing for any of these instruments will be waited upon by MRS FOSTER, at any of their homes, or at the above place.

J. FREDERICK FOSTER, Agent.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR J WARREN.

Boston, Jan 7th, 1835.—Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia have suffered much from the want of a skillful workman in accommodating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr J. F. Foster, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr Beath. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself, therefore, called on to recommend him to my professional brethren and to the public, as a person well qualified to supply their wants in regard to these important articles.

JOHN C. WARREN.

j 3 eoplyi&oa

POETRY.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOR.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array,
And not by thunders strow'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way,
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the wide manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere:
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed host along,
One angel troop the strain began,—
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosannah's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambient radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from the tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew,
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy. MILMAN.

AN ENIGMA.

Translated from the German of Schiller, for the Portsmouth Journal.

Unnumber'd sheep of silvery whiteness
A boundless plain are wand'ring o'er,
And still they roam as they were roaming
When seen by eldest men of yore.

From forth an ever-welling fountain
They eve by eve, their youth renew;
Their gently guiding shepherd beareth
A curving horn of argent hue.

He leads them forth from golden portals,
He counts them over night by night,
And though for ages he has led them,
Not one has wander'd from his sight.

A faithful dog doth help to guide them,
A joyous ram precedes the way—
Where roam these sheep of silvery whiteness,
And who's their shepherd hight, I pray?
W******.

MY LIBRARY.

ADDRESSED, IN A LETTER, TO SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse, day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn—
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction, with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon,
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

[From the London Court Journal.]

LINES

Addressed to Ellen Home Purves. Youngest daughter of the Viscountess Canterbury.

Throughout the summer day
There's not a brighter hour
Than the one when grey-eyed morning's smiles
Shine out o'er field and flower.
Something than twilight more,—
Something than daylight less,—
A time for thought, for peace, for love,
And placid happiness!

So soft the charm of her who stands
Half-pleased and half-afraid,
Where life's auspicious gates unclose,
In golden dreams arrayed.
Something than girlhood more,—
Something than woman less,—
A being form'd for peace, for love,
And gentle happiness!

Sweet Ellen! round whose wondering eyes
The silken ringlets flow,
Oh! may thy timid triumphs now
A brighter one foreshow!
Something than splendor more,—
Something than rapture less,—
A home where love and peace shall crown
Thy tranquil happiness!

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHO, AND WHAT, HAS NOT FAILED.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

To the Editors of the Metropolitan:

GENTLEMEN:—I was, a few evenings since, at a friend's house, Mr J's. He is one of the severe sufferers by these disasterous times. Some few weeks ago he believed himself worth a half a million. Loss had accumulated upon loss here, and, last week the return of his bills upon a bankrupt house in England completed the wreck of his fortune. At the time of his failure his daughter my lovely friend Helen, was on the point of marriage with a young lawyer, who, by dint of talent and industry, has earned an education, and who during the last year, the first of his professional career, has been in the receipt of some ten or twelve hundred dollars. This, of course, was a very inadequate income for a lady accustomed to an establishment scarcely surpassed in luxury by any in our city.

But this mattered not to Helen, or Helen's father.—He 'chose' he said, 'that his daughters should marry poor men, he had enough for them all.' And he was actually in treaty for a fine house for Helen, and had decided on the amount of a most liberal portion to be settled on her, when the blow came which deprived him of the ability to give her a shilling. Circumstances added mortification to disappointment. Miss J. had left her 'at home' cards at the houses of her friends. The wedding dresses were made. The bridal veil and wedding ring were bought, and the wedding cake was actually in the house. At this crisis it was that I had gone, my face full of condolence, if it did any justice to my heart, which was full of sympathy, to pass the evening at her father's. I did not find Helen at home but there were several persons there, casual visiters, friends of the family, like myself. Apprehension, sadness, or dismay sat on every countenance. The conversation naturally turned upon the all absorbing subject of the day.—Each one had his melancholly tale to relate, for each one had had his hopes. One told of one failure, and one of another—one gave a list of disasters abroad, and another produced an actual record of bankruptcies at home. It was prophecied that all who had not failed would fail.

'There is nothing left to fail,' exclaimed Mr J. striking his hand with vehement impatience, 'the banks have failed, and the government has failed—every body, and every thing has failed!' 'Not every thing, my dear father,' exclaimed Helen, who had just then entered with her lover, her face radiant with an expression that indicated that her happiness was secured from failure by *bond and mortage*, 'not every thing, sir—the moon has not failed?' This happy turn of my friend gave an impulse to my mind, and set me to observing who and what had *not failed*. I give you the result of my observations in the hope that it may lead others to look beyond the shadow of this eclipse.—While I returned home I echoed my friend's words 'indeed the moon has not failed!' She, with her glorious train of stars, was looking down serenely on our troubled city, bearing a message of love to the disquieted spirit, an assurance that there is a better joy awaiting those 'who have ceased to rejoice because their wealth is great, and because their hand has gotten much.' On my way I met a friend returning from the theatre —'did Ellen Tree succeed?' I asked. 'Did Ellen Tree ever fail,' he replied. 'No, all the world may fail; but Ellen Tree, sweet Ellen Tree, cannot fail!'

I entered my home, my old deaf friend Mrs S., was sitting alone reading so intently, that she did not observe me. Her book touched the fountain of her feeling.—She wiped her spectacles, and once or twice laughed aloud. Ah! thought I, books have *not failed*. These exhaustless magazines of happiness, these silent ministers to the soul, these welcome and successful missionaries to all parts of the civilized world, have not, and *cannot fail*.

As I went to my room I met a faithful nurse, going her accustomed round to take a last look at the sleeping children. 'Kindness and fidelity in domestic service have *not failed*,' thought I, as I looked at their impersonation in this excellent woman; 'nor has their sweetest reward failed,' I further thought, when one of the little girls, her slumbers for a moment broken, murmured, kissing her nurse 'Oh! is it *you* Mammy,' and then she fell into the arms of sleep, the 'sweet restorer,' who never fails to innocent healthful childhood.

Morning, and the sun, who always meets his engagements, came, and clouds, which, in this springtime seldom fail, appeared, and poured down their nourishing stores, threatening to disappoint my project of a stroll to Hoboken with a party of children who were watching the Heavens, as nothing else is now watched, but the money market.—The morning passed, dinner came and the desert and the *baby*, the youngest of six, the pet of them all. She looked as bright as Guido's Aurora, as she made her grand entree in her brother's arms, attended by her train of sistsers.—At the sight of her the clouds of care, that in these careful times accumulate, vanished from her father's brow.—Her mother greeted her with her favorite nursery song,

'Ching a-ring a-ring ching chee
Hoa ding a linkum darkey!'

To which she replied by clapping her hands and dancing her feet, and then amidst the acclamations of her loving audience, she played her part—'almost standing alone,' 'almost saying mama'—sitting in the centre of the table, and rolling an orange to each and replying to the caresses of all with a grace and significance never in the world seen—except from the youngest of every happy home. 'Riches may take to themselves wings,' thought I, and fly away,' but the love of parents, of brothers and sisters, the beauty and joy of infancy, the riches which Heaven has ordained and watches over, *never fail*.

The clouds passed off and we went to Hoboken. The grass freshened by a recent shower, seemed greening under our feet. The birds were on the wing singing a tedeum for the return of spring. The buds were bursting into leaves, the dog-wood was just unfolding its white blossoms, and the violet opening its blue eye. 'Nature has *not failed*,' thought I. 'Oh! that the worn, disappointed, heart sick denizens of yon city would come forth, and enjoy a possession common to all, which wealth cannot buy, nor poverty sell, chartered by Heaven and independent of this bank note world!'

On our return I met in the boat my friends Mr and Mrs E. They have shared the disasters of the times without having provoked them by speculation or extravagance, and now were about to leave their beautiful house in —— Square for a humble country lodging. They were both cheerful, she rather more so than usual; and when I remarked this she said, 'I have reason for it. I now know what we can and what we can't lose; and the balance is, beyond estimation, in our favor. This is no place or time for sentiment,' she glanced her eyes fondly from her husband to the little boy who held her hand, 'or I would tell you what of most precious I have *not* lost, but even here I may say, that though my husband's business has failed, his integrity, ability, industry, and enterprise have not failed.' 'Neither,' thought I 'does the fidelity of a true hearted wife, her tenderness, fortitude, and elevatedness, put her to what trial you will, ever fail!'

The next day was Sunday. In the evening, our pastor preached upon the times, and from the text 'who shall separate us from the love of God;' and I believe not an individual left the church without a sense of the littleness of those temporal possessions that are liable to fail, and deep gratitude for those eternal and illimitable riches that are offered to our grasp. When I came home I found the following note from Helen J.

'My dear friend—My father has at last consented that I shall not participate in the general bankruptcy, so, pray come to-morrow, the day originally appointed for my wedding, and witness my *non-failure*. Thanks to my mother I have been so instructed in domestic economy, that I may be indulged in the luxury of marrying the man I love, though he have not above a thousand dollars a year; and as I hold true love, capacity, and industry, and frugality, to be a sufficient security, I do not fear that we shall fail in our conjugal partnership.'

A Parisian belle, during the cholera panic, painted over her door, 'No cholery to be spoken of here!' I would go a little farther, and during the panic not only proscribe the agitating topic, but suggest others, which, if duly considered, would relieve the pressure to which even the good and manly are too passively yielding.

New York, May, 1837.

[From the New York Observer.]

CHEEVER'S LETTERS FROM SPAIN.

If you will transport yourself in imagination across the Atlantic to my present resting place, we will take together a very early stroll through the city of Malaga, on a morning as balmy and delightful in the middle of January, as the sweet days in the pleasantest part of a New England spring. Directing our steps first towards the mole, we emerge suddenly from the narrow street to a view of the whole harbor, with its variety of shipping and multitude of lighters and small boats commencing the day's activity, and shining brightly in the sunrise. Off the harbor, a very large ship, apparently a man of war, may be seen through the glass, standing across the bay, perhaps to gain an entrance. Seaward, every thing looks full of life and animation, bright waves curling in the breeze, and white sails in the distant horizon glancing to the sun. Through scattered groups of peasants and boatmen gathering to their day's labors, we pass along the mole, till our attention is arrested by a gang of *presidarios*, or *prisoners*, chained, ragged and wretched in their appearance, stupid, sensual and ferocious, seated on the wall by the road side, and eating their breakfast of black bread, as though there were nothing else in the world worthy of notice.

From the mole we enter upon the Alameda, and crossing its smooth and at this hour nearly solitary walks, strike into the busy hive in the main market place of the city. This consists of an open square, from which several streets diverge, and in every part of which, as in the narrow stalls around it, the peasants expose their produce and eatables. The variety and luxuriant abundance of green vegetables and salads in mid-winter will arrest your notice. Sometimes you see them arranged in the central part of the square, in the form of a hollow parallelogram, within which groups of peasants are loitering, with their mules just unladed, while crowds of household servants, both men and women, and here and there a master of the house, are gathering the day's supply of provisions, which they put into open grass baskets or bags, and carry home upon their shoulders. Men, women and children stand at their piles of vegetable merchandise, or in the mouths of their little stalls, and attract your attention by the vivacity of their cries, if not by the novelty of their articles. The abundance of ripe, red tomatoes is a rich spectacle, piled up in lofty pyramids, and flanked perhaps by the long, grey, scolloped leaves and white roots of the Spanish artichoke, or luxuriant heaps of green and tender lettuces. Green peas are a customary article at all seasons. Baskets of green cress, and bunches of white cauliflower, turnips and radishes, parsley and spinnage, with heaps of enormous onions, piles of long red potatoes, stacks of sugar cane, and immense quantities of oranges and lemons, both sweet and sour, cover the ground in every direction.

A street leading from one corner of the square is occupied as a bread market, and makes a very rich display, considering the simplicity of its materials. At this hour it is crowded with *borricos* just in from the country, with their panniers filled with loaves of the nicest bread, white and brown, the owners busy in disposing of their loads to customers. In one end of this street you see a row of matrons, seated by the house-wall, with variously formed leaves of brown bread, spread out in baskets or mats upon the pavement before them, and chattering with one another and the peasantry, with a merry glee inspired by the morning air, the busy scene, the hope of good gain, and the plenty before them. The sight indeed is enough to renew the appetite of childhood, and make even the confirmed dyspeptic forget his cares. The diet-lectures and bran-bread consumers in our country would dance for glee at the spectacle; for in truth the brown bread of the province of Andalusia is some of the lightest, sweetest, and most wholesome in the world. The white bread is equally excellent in its kind. It is baked in circular rolls, shaped like a diamond ring, or in square loaves, which are sold for eight or ten cents, the brown loaves being considerably cheaper. One reason for the constant excellence of the bread of Spain is because it is thoroughly kneaded and equably and thoroughly baked. It is brought into the city in open panniers in the clear morning air, instead of being shut up smoking from the oven, to perspire in the bakers' carts. Sometimes the whole quantity brought in of a morning is condemned and given to the poor, simply because the loaves are found deficient in weight.

In Grenada I have seen a kind of bread exposed for sale, made of the *garabanzos* or Spanish beans, of a golden yellow color, but not very pleasant to the taste, though doubtless nutritious in its quality. If sour bread be rightly put down among the sources of domestic discontent, perhaps the cheerfulness of the Spanish peasantry may be attributed partly to the sweetness of their brown loaves; at all events, with such bread, and a plenty of olive oil, and the common fruits and vegetables of the country, they may live perhaps better than the peasantry of any other country in Europe. A very common and favorite dish called *migas* is composed entirely of bread crumbled very fine into a frying pan with oil and salt, the crumbling and stirring continued over the fire till the mass is sufficient in quantity, and rendered savory with the seasoning. The sweetness of the bread is preserved, and the dish appears upon the table a pile of light crumbs, a little moistened with the oil, and a little embrowned in the operation of frying; nor could any man of simple appetite desire a more wholesome and relishing breakfast. In the country they cook it in immense quantities, adding to it shreds of meat, garlic, and red pepper, and composing a dish as familiar to a Spanish peasant, as an oriental *pilau* to the natives of the East.

I am afraid of saying too much upon a business so gross as that of eating. *Si tibi deficiant medici*, says an old dietetical adage,

Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant
Hæc tria; mens hilaris, requies, moderata dieta.

If you want physicians, take these three: quiet, a cheerful mind, and spare diet. Milton may paraphrase this pleasant maxim in the Penseroso, adding another line on the pleasure of rural exercise—

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft' with gods doth diet:
And add to these retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

Intemperance is by no means confined to the drinking of ardent spirits. There are multitudes, who becloud the mind, and render the soul's upward aspirations difficult, if not impossible, by the indulgence of an appetite, which they never dream of being inordinate, but continue to cherish as an indication of hearty health. If a man may be a drunkard upon wine, so may he be a glutton upon vegetables. 'Our elegant eaters,' says Cicero, in one of his letters, 'in order to bring vegetables into fashion, have found out a method of dressing them in so high a taste, that nothing can be more palatable. It was immediately after having eaten very freely of a dish of this sort, at the inauguration feast of Lentulus, that I was attacked with a disorder, which has never ceased till this day. Thus you see that I, who have withstood all the temptations that the noblest lampreys and oysters could throw in my way, have at last been overpowered by paltry beets and mallows.' If all the philosophy of Cicero could not save him from being overcome in this manner, perhaps even the Graham bread may not always preserve its disciples from temptation.

From one side of the vegetable market we pass a short distance into the *Alhondiga*, or grain-market, a large pile of buildings formerly connected with the great Moorish naval arsenal, and used as a mosque, but afterwards converted into a convent by the Catholics, and now turned to the more useful purposes of a deposit for wheat. It contains storehouses and arched stalls, with a broad open court in the midst, where the grain lies before you in heaps and sacks, just brought from the country, by groups of peasants, who are bargaining for its disposal. The wheat of Malaga is one of the most important and excellent productions of this region; the kingdom of Andalusia producing so great a quantity that it has been called the granary of Spain. *Rain or no rain*, says the proverb, *there is wheat in Andalusia*. Its superior excellence is one cause of the superiority of the bread. Its price in Malaga is from 46 to 52 reals a *fanega*, or, upon an average, one dollar a bushel, the Spanish fanega containing a little over a bushel and a half of English measure. If this delightful province were a state within the limits of New England, fertile as is its soil, and abundant as are its productions, there would be a scarcity of bread-stuffs, through the remorseless consumption of the distilleries. I know not what would become of the multitude of the poor in this country, if those scourges of the world were as common here as they are with us. There are but few of them, and the people are unquestionably a temperate, and so far, a happy and a healthy race. What an anomaly does it present, when the United States are compelled to send into Europe for a supply of bread! And what a pernicious example of political economy, when the legislatures of those states are seen legalizing the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, and thus absolutely turning the agricultural industry of the country into its bane, and the source of its life and health into a poison! Houseless children are crying for food, while the distilleries are wasting it, and the arm of law is stretched forth to protect a trade that manufactures out of its waste and consumption, the materials to convert their homes into earthly hells, and their parents and natural protectors into brutes!

Passing through one of the arches of the Alhondiga, we emerge into a street, on one side of which the inmates of the houses are busy frying fish upon open furnaces before their doors, and selling them to the passers by. A little urchin with one hand full of figs is bargaining with the mistress of one of these furnaces for a few *buccaronies* to complete his breakfast. These are a curious little fish, somewhat larger than 'the triton of the minnows' in a fresh water river, and are produced in such immense quantities in the bay of Malaga, as almost to constitute the riches of the fisherman and the living of the poor. They are very delicious and very cheap, so that they are considered quite a peculiar gift of Providence to this region. Great quantities of them are made into anchovies.

Around these various market streets the crowd we meet is of the most motley character, men, women, and children, grey-haired and withered hags, that might have been the prototypes of Shakspeare's witches, some with strings of braided garlic, others with hats, shoes, and old clothes, others with rusty firelocks, or boxes of jewellry, others again with roasted chesnuts or baskets of fruit, any thing that will tempt the motley multitude, and gain an *ochavo* in the bargain. Carriers of sweetmeats struggle through the crowd, others with earthen jars of water, others with a tin canister of hot coffee, and a basket of cups to drink it withal. The scene is as ragged a medley as can well be met with. In the dusk of the evening when the lamps are lighted, its irregularity and wildness make it still more striking.

From the market squares we will pass in our way homewards through one of the main streets near the Guadal Medina, occupied partly by mechanics, some of whom are out before the doors of their cells, with their benches in the open air. Here is a man with an iron roller, bending sheets of thin wood for the manufacturer of seives, which you see inside his shop, lining the walls, in every stage of their progress. Close by his side, a woman, with her furnace on the doorsteps and a flat wooden spoon in her hand, is frying pancakes, or *bunuelos*, as they are called, for the palates of such as may choose. The trade of the *bunueleras*, or women who fry and sell these cakes, is quite a source of profit at the corners of frequented streets. A little onward, and we pass several shops of bottle-makers, or manufacturers of wine-bags, a singular spectacle to the eye of a stranger, the walls hung round in every direction with half-tanned inflated hogskins and goatskins, black, brown, and gray. The skin is taken entire from the animal, and turned inside out, constitutes the bottle or bag, the hairy side being covered with a coating of pitch. Drinking vessels with wooden rims in the form of shot-pouches are manufactured from the same materials; and you may often see the peasants, with their mules laden with bags of wine, stopping to drink of their contents out of these rustic cups. All the wine brought in from the country is thus transported in skins on the backs of mules, and is sold generally not by measure but weight. The same is the case with the olive oil; but the bottles or bags for oil, instead of being coated with pitch, are tanned on both sides. In the district of Malaga alone there are more than five hundred oil presses.

At the head of this street a water fountain plays perpetually, surrounded at this hour with a number of peasants, who are filling their jars with water by means of a long reed connected with the neck of the jar, and applied to the mouth of the fountain. Turning into another street, we meet a company of the same chained and haggard *presidarios*, whom we saw on the wall of the mole, their leader enveloped in a ragged *capa*, thrown over his shoulders with all the dignity of a Spanish grandee. They are employed in tying up immense heaps of black bread, lying before them on the pavement by the baker's door; they raise it on their shoulders, and then off in regular order towards their prison on the quay. The bread is the food of the prisoners, coarse, but sweet and wholesome.

It is now the hour of mass in the churches. Entering the Sagrario, or parish church of the Cathedral, you see here and there a solitary worshipper, kneeling towards the altar, before which two or three priests, clad in their service robes, are monotonously running over their superstitious ceremonies. A single female is kneeling at one of the confessional boxes, within which sits a portly *padre*, his ear bent attentively towards the netted window of the box, where the lips of the penitent are pouring forth the avowal of her sins. To God, to the saints, and to the priest, she makes the confession, and supplicates the latter to pray to saints and angels for the pardon of her sins.

WORCESTER'S READING BOOKS.—
I. WORCESTER'S SECOND BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING.

Those who have used Mr Worcester's Primer are aware of his peculiar talents in rendering those usually 'dry subjects' interesting to children; and to them it is sufficient to say, that the *Second Book* has the same attractive character as the *First*.

II. A THIRD BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING; with simple Rules and Instructions for avoiding common Errors. By Samuel Worcester.

The plan and character of this work is different from any other now in use. Each lesson is preceded by a Rule and List of Errors; and the reading is designed to be rendered not merely an exercise, but a study requiring the use of the mind. We approve of the plan of this book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

This is one of the most useful reading books for common schools. It strikes us as particularly deserving the attention of teachers.—*Daily Advocate.*

One of the most useful reading books that has yet appeared. We recuommend teachers and parents to give it an early examination.—*American Traveller*

We think it a *valuable* acquisition to the young scholar, both as a monitor for the correction of errors in reading and pronouncing, as well as a guide in manners and morals. The lessons are selected with much judgment, and are well calculated to instruct the mind, while they form the character.—*Morning Post.*

III. FOURTH BOOK OF LESSONS FOR READING, with Rules and Instructions. By Samuel Worcester.

From the Annals of Education.

It is constructed on the same plan with the Third Book of the same series; each selection, whether of prose or poetry, being preceded by a rule for reading, and followed by a list of common errors in pronoucing some of the words included in it. The object of these peculiarities of Mr Worcester's Third and Fourth Books, is to make reading a *study* in our schools, instead of a mere exercise.

We regard the Fourth Book, on the whole, as a useful compilation for the classes for which it was intended. There is a large fund of valuable information embodied in the Rules and Instructions at the beginning, and in the Errors and Questions at the end of each chapter, is also at the end of the work, even more than the author, in his modesty has ventuaed to claim.

From the Principal of the Woodstock high School.

Worcester's Fourth Book is truly deserving of notice. The subjects and arrangements are indeed *excellent*. His rules at the head of each chapter, and his exposition of errors, together with his list of phrases, &c. all combine to render the book such a one as is needed in our schools.

From Ebenezer Baily, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston; Author of 'Young Ladies' Class Book,' and 'First Lessons in Algebra.'

I have used Worcester's series of reading books in my school ever since they were published, and regard them as among the most valuable works of the kind with which I am acquainted.

From the Rev. James W. Poland Teacher of Youth.

Having made use of Worcester's Third and Fourth Books of Lessons for Reading, &c. in my school for some time past, I feel that I can recommend them with perfect confidence, as being superior to any that I have ever used, for forming correct habits in reading. At the commencement of each lesson, a rule is given in such a familiar manner, that no scholar, after reading it twice, can forget the substance of it. The errors noticed at the close of each lesson, together with the questions, fix the attention still more, and afford both interest and instruction. I sincerely hope that many teachers of youth will be induced to give both books a candid examination; after which, I think they will not hesitate to give their decided preference.

From Rev. James Culbertson, Rev. G. C. Sedgwick, W. Brell, Esq. and John M. Howe, (Principal McIntyre Free School,) Zanesville, Ohio.

We have examined Worcester's Reading Books, and think them the most useful reading books that have yet appeared. They are a valuable acquisition to the young scholar, both as a monitor for the correction of reading and pronouncing, and as a guide in manners and morals. The lessons are selected with much judgment, and are well calculated to instruct the mind, while they form the character. We recommend to parents and teachers to give them early examination.

The above series of Reading Books, is particularly recommended as worthy of the attention of Teachers and School Committees, as they are precisely adapted to the wants of our Common Schools and Academies.

Published by CHAS. J. HENDEE, and for sale by the Booksellers in all parts of the U. States

o 29 tf

HOME, by Miss Sedgwick—A new edition, in cloth binding, stamped; just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 24

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST.

COMPILED and arranged from the four Gospels, for Families and Sunday Schools. With Poetical Illustrations and Notes.

'The Bible? That's the book. The book indeed.
The book of books;
Our which who looks,
As he should do aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him * * * * *.'

By T. B. FOX. In two vols.

This work is designed to render the study of the Scriptures interesting to the young, by presenting the account of the Mission of the Savior, in Scripture language, as a connected history, in the chronological order, with brief notes, and a selection from the best Poets on the most beautiful texts. It is already introduced into several schools of various denominations, where it is thought to have supplied a want which has long been felt, of making Scripture as interesting as any other history. Published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.—WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. J 17

BUST OF DR CHANNING—May be seen at the store of JAMES MUNROE & CO., where subscriptions will be received for those who may wish to procure a cast from it.

134 Washington street.

FINDEN'S BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments—from original sketches taken on the spot—engraved by W. & E. Finden. With descriptions by the Rev. Tho's Hartwell Horne. In 2 vols., *splendidly bound*. For sale at TICKNOR'S, 135, Washington street. j17

SPLENDID ENGLISH EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE, in various sizes and bindings, some beautifully bound, this day received at TICKNOR'S.

Together with a variety of English Books with Plates, and an assortment of English Drawing Books. j17

HOME: by MISS SEDGWICK—A new edition, in beautiful cloth binding, stamped—just published by JAMES MUNROE & Co. June 17

NOYES'S PROPHETS, Vol. 2. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. A new translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in Chronological order, by George R. Noyes, vol 2. al so vol 1. For sale at 134 Washington street. j 3

BIOGRAPHY FOR SCHOOLS—By the *author* of American Popular Lessons, Grecian History English History, &c.—For sale to the trade and at retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. m 27

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

GREENWOOD'S Collection, in every style of binding, constantly on hand, at publishers prices, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.

april 8 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

UNITARIAN MISCELLANY.

A FEW complete sets, (believed to be the only ones now remaining) of the Unitarian Miscellany in six volumes, conducted by Rev. Messrs. Sparks & Greenwood,—have been just received, and are now for sale at the office of the Christian Register, at two dollars a set. Those who wish to obtain the work, at this very cheap rate, will do well to call soon. m 20

CLARK'S COMMENTARY on the Bible, 4 vols, royal 8 vo. Also, the Commentary on the New Testaments, 2 vols 8 vo. For sale low by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street.

VALUABLE BOOKS—Published by WM. D. TICKNOR, Agent, 135 Washington street.

Combe on the constitution of Man, with an additional Chapter by J. A. Warne.

Helou's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, abridged by Baron Stow.

Good's Book of Nature, abridged for schools, with Questions and Engravings.

Burrit's Geography of the Heavens with a Celestial Atlas.

Book of Politeness, by Madame Celnart—4th edition.

Parker's Progressive Exercises in English Composition—new edition.

Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life—new edition.—With a general assortment of Books and Stationary. m 27

UNITARIAN THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

PUBLISHED and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

Ware's Sunday School Library 4 vols.
" Scenes and Characters 6 vols.
" Selections from Priestley
Ware on Formation of Christian Character
Ware's Letters to Woods
" Discourses on the Offices and Character of Christ
Brazer's Essay on Divine Influence
Channing's Discourses 2 vol
Dabney's Annotations on New Testament
Locke's Paraphrase and notes on the Epistles
Norton's Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrine of Trinitarians
Palfrey's Sermons 8vo and 12mo
Parkers' Sermons and Memoir 8vo
Unitarian Miscellany 6 vols 12mo
The Unitarian, edited by Rev. B. Whitman 8vo
Whitman's Letters to Universalists 12mo
Worcester's Friendly Review 12mo
" Last Thoughts 12mo
Farr's Family Prayers 12mo
New Views of Christianity, Society and Church by O. A. Brownson, 12mo
Noyes' Translation of the Prophets 3 vols 12mo
Norton's Evidences of Genuineness of the Gospels
Noyes' Translations of the Psalms
" " of Job (new ed. in press)
Brooks' Family Prayers 12mo
Burnap's Lectures on Unitarianism 12mo
Meditations for the Sick, by Rev. J. Cole. 12mo

The above are for sale at very reduced prices at 134 Washington st. j 24

MUSICAL BOOKS.

BOSTON Handel and Haydn Collection
Boston Academy Collection
The Choir or Union Collection
The Odeon, a Collection of Secular Melodies
The Ancient Lyre. By Zeuner.
Kingsley's Social Choir 2 parts
Boston Academy's Manual of Music
The Juvenile Lyre
The Juvenile Singing School &c. &c.

The above always on hand and for sale at the lowest prices by dozen or single copy at TICKNOR'S, 135 Washington street. j 24

ATHENS.—Visit to Constantinople and Athens: by Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. Navy, author of Ship and Shore. 1 vol.

SHIP AND SHORE: or Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant. By an Officer in the U. S. Navy. 12mo. 1836.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land. By an American. With a Map and Engravings.—2 vols.

EXCURSIONS to Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus and Balbec, from the U. S. ship Delaware, during her recent cruise; with an attempt to discriminate between truth and error in regard to the sacred places of the Holy City. By George Jones, A.M. Chaplain U. S. Navy. For sale by TICKNOR, 135 Washington street. j 24

BOSTON PRESS,

Corner of School and Washington Streets, over Wm. D. Ticknor's Bookstore.

The subscriber has resumed the business of PRINTING, at his former stand. The office is furnished with a general assortment of new *Book and Fancy Job type*, for the printing of Books,

Sermons,	Business Cards,	Checks,
Circulars,	Visiting Cards,	Blanks,
Notices,	Show Bills,	Shop Bills, and
Catalogues,	Hand Bills,	Gold and Colors,

in a superior style, and on low and accommodating terms. ISAAC R. BUTTS.

f 25 6 m

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY DAVID REED,
At 19 Water Street, Boston.
CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars*, payable in six months or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if paid in advance

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, sixth copy will be sent gratis.

☞ No subscription discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

All communicatons, as well as letters of business relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.

MINOT PRATT, PRINTER.